

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE
STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York Post Office, November 1, 1898, by Frank Tousey.

No. 401.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 7, 1906.

Price 5 Cents.

JACK THE JUGGLER; OR, A BOY'S SEARCH FOR HIS SISTER. *By H.K. SHACKLEFORD.*

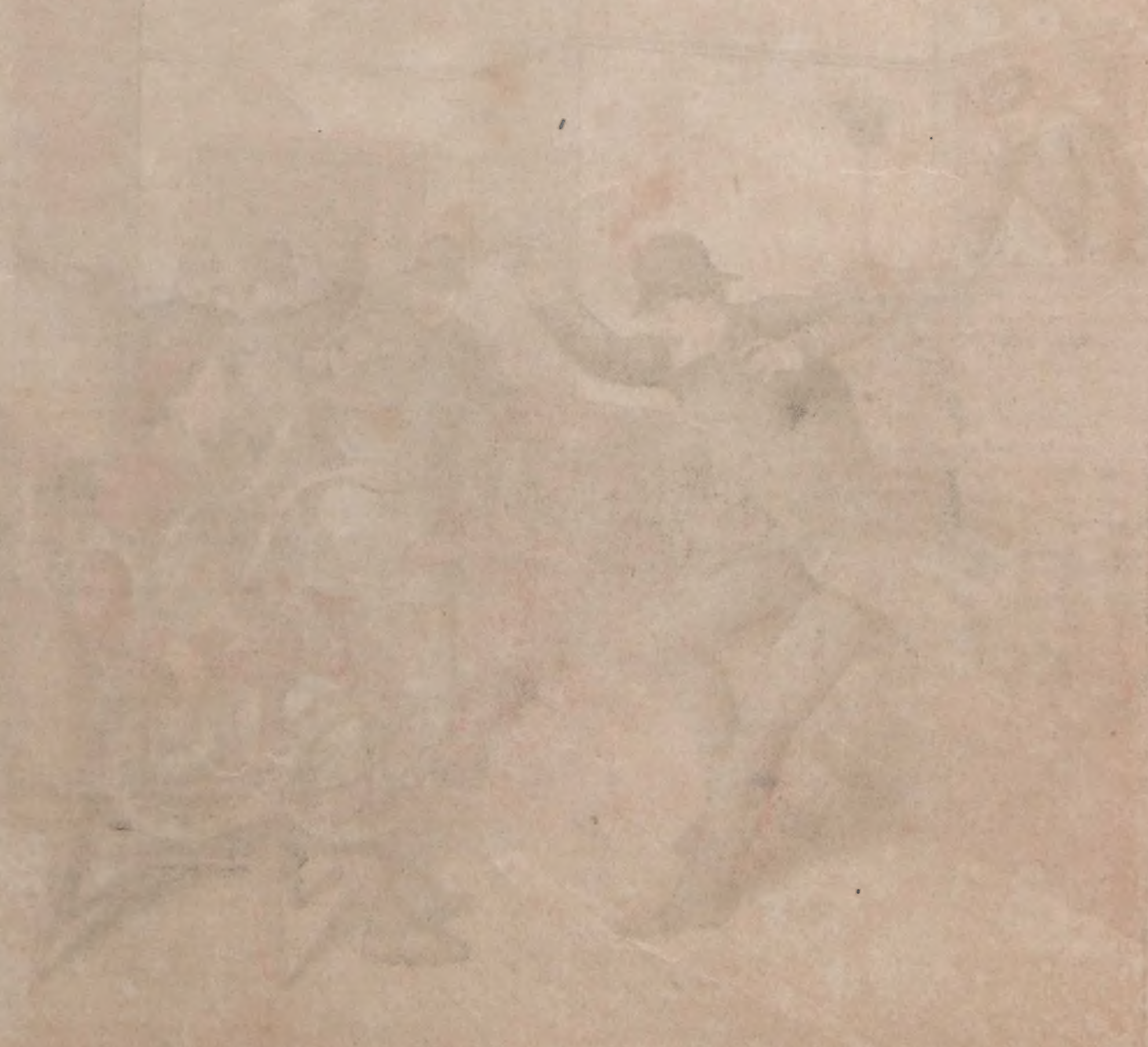


"Here, you!" and the officer started toward Jack to seize him, but the next moment he recoiled with a look of horror on his face. Some half dozen serpents protruded their heads from as many folds of the juggler's garments.

PLUCKY
COMMITTEE OF A COMMITTEE

JACK THE LUCKY

OR A BOY'S SEARCH FOR HIS SISTER



PLUCK AND LUCK

Complete Stories of Adventure.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, November 7, 1898. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1906, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 401.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 7, 1906.

Price 5 Cents.

JACK THE JUGGLER

OR,

A BOY'S SEARCH FOR HIS SISTER.

By **H. K. SHACKLEFORD.**

CHAPTER I.

THE OFFICER AND THE YOUNG JUGGLER.

Paddy McShinn was a policeman in New York City, who sported brass buttons and a club, and took special delight in clubbing such unfortunates as fell into his hands on his beat.

The boys on the east side voted him a nuisance of the first water, and took special delight in tormenting at a distance, and fervently prayed that he would some day catch a Tartar who would take his club from him and make him eat it—or club him to death.

But such a deliverer never came along, as Paddy was a tough one to handle, particularly when he was allowed by the law to club anyone who resisted arrest at his hands.

One day Paddy was sauntering along one of the streets on the east side, when he espied a great crowd of women and children completely blocking up the way on the block ahead.

"Bedad!" he exclaimed, "it's a riot I have on my hands. I'll arrist the whole av thim, an' bate the loife out av the other half!" and bracing himself for the important part he was to play, he dashed forward into the very midst of the quiet, orderly crowd.

"Whoop!" he yelled, waving his club above his head. "Git out av my way, ye dirthy spalpeens, or I'll bate the head off av ye! I'll run ye all in, bejabers! Phat's all this ruction about, Biddy O'Holohan?"

Biddy was a stout, red-faced Irish matron of the washtub who stood gazing at the wonderful feats of jugglery that a small runt of a boy was performing on the sidewalk in front of her house.

"Sure, an' it's the devil's own lad!" said Biddy, making the sign of the cross. "The blessed Vargin betune us and har-rum!"

Paddy caught sight of the performer, and his eyes blazed with the light of battle. He had not used his club on a head in four days, and here was a chance.

He made a rush for the juggler, knocking over a dozen small boys who had not noticed his approach as he charged.

"Cheese it, cully, here's the cop!" chorused a dozen or more as they scrambled out of the way of his upraised club.

"Phat are yez up to, ye young devil?" cried Paddy, laying a heavy hand on the young juggler and raising him clear off the pavement.

"Put me down and I'll tell ye," replied the juggler, as coolly as one in command of the situation could have done.

"Spake out, thin, or I'll bate the loife out av ye. Bedad, it's mesilf that runs this strate."

"I am a juggler," replied the youth, who seemed to be a dark, swarthy-looking lad of some eighteen years, with flashing black eyes and a leonine look, "and I am giving a show for what pennies I can get out of the crowd."

"I'll bet it's buggler ye are," said Paddy, flourishing his club dangerously near his head. "Yer should hire a hall for yer show. Take that an' get out, or it's a broken head yez will have!" and with that he gave the juggler a smart tap on the head with his club.

"Luk at ther eoward!" cried a woman on a stoop across the street.

"Shoot the cop!"

"Bang his hair!"

"Club his head off!" and a hundred other exclamations greeted the policeman as he struck the young juggler.

"Put a snake on him, Cully!"

"Run yer knife in him!"

"Bedad, it's me club I'll run through yez!" roared Paddy McShinn, charging right and left at the tormenting urchins. The crowd scattered in every direction, and not a head came in contact with his club.

"Faith, an' I'll take yez in, yer dirthy spalpeen!" he cried, rushing back to where the young juggler was busy arranging something inside an unusually baggy suit of clothes made in Zouave-fashion. I've a moind ter club yer head off av yer shoulders."

"Oh, don't do that, sir," said the young juggler, in most respectful tones; "just give me a lift out of this gutter, and it will be worth a drink of the best stuff you ever tasted," and he extended both hands toward the policeman.

Paddy looked down and saw that he was standing in the gut-

ter, and thought of the promised drink. He mechanically reached out both hands and grasped those of the young juggler.

But the moment the juggler's hands closed on his he felt a powerful galvanic shock that lifted him almost out of his boots. His eyes almost popped out of his head, and his face contorted into a thousand grimaces, and at last he yelled—roared like a tortured bull:

"Take him off! Ouch, the young divil is killing me! Ugh!" and he leaped like the tail of a kite in a brisk wind.

"Hold still!" cried the juggler, "and I'll fix you all right."

The juggler backed him up against the side of a high board fence, passed his right hand rapidly over his face, and then leaped away.

"There you are, you cowardly bully!" he cried. "You strike me for nothing. Get away from there if you can!"

Paddy made a desperate effort to move, but had he been hewn out of marble he could not have been more rigid than he was. He was fast to the fence from head to heels, and from shoulders to the tips of his fingers.

"Howly Vargin pertect me!" he groaned, and the next moment a yell of supreme terror burst from his lips.

Every boy in the street stood awestruck at seeing their old enemy thus held captive by the young juggler, and waited to see what the next move would be. But in another moment they saw that the officer was powerless to wield his club, and then they began to shout:

"Club 'im!"

"Bate his head off!"

"Make 'im ate a snake!"

"How are yez, Paddy McShinn!"

"Och, howly Muther!" groaned Paddy, now thoroughly demoralized, not understanding the mysterious power by which he was held.

"You hit me with your club," said the young juggler, putting his dark, swarthy face close to his, "and I'll make you eat it," and snatching the locust from his hand he thrust it into the officer's mouth, making him grasp it in the middle with his teeth.

"Now, clear a ring, boys," said the young juggler, "and we'll have some fun."

"Whoop, fer der fun!" yelled a gutter-snipe. "Wud yez luk at der cop!"

Paddy was the picture of terror.

The young juggler drew out from the mysterious folds of his baggy garments a formidable-looking dagger.

"Whoop, byes, he's going ter cut him up an' sell him for junk!" cried an urchin in the crowd.

Men, women, and children crowded around by hundreds to see the strange proceedings.

"Mind your eye, now, officer!" said the juggler, suddenly hurling the dagger at his head.

A cry of horror went up from the crowd, and Paddy McShinn's hair rose right up on end, and his eyes glared with indescribable horror, as the point of the weapon struck on the board within half an inch of his ear.

Reaching down into the folds of his garments again, the young juggler drew out another dagger and threw it. It struck within half an inch of the other ear. Then he commenced a rapid shower of daggers at the trembling wretch, all of which just barely missed and stuck in the boards, until nearly a score were sticking all around him.

The spectators were amazed, and looked on with a degree of interest unheard of in that street before.

"Give him one on the nose!" yelled a youth in the crowd, who had good reason to hate the officer.

"Cut his throat!"

"Chop off a finger!"

"Scalp him!"

"Oh, let me get at him!" and a hundred other expressions greeted him.

"Chip in your pennies, boys," said the young juggler, taking a curious looking cap off his head and passing around in the crowd, "and then I will go on with the show."

The boys and women poured their pennies into the cap in a perfect shower, for such a show had never been seen by them before. Their enjoymen was worth a week's earnings to any one of them.

Putting his pennies away, the young juggler went up to his victim and began drawing out the daggers from around him.

"Stick him wid one!" cried an urchin.

"Make him eat dat locust," and other demands followed in quick succession.

"The boys on your beat don't love you, officer," he remarked. "You use your club too freely," and then he took the club out of his mouth and placed it in his hand.

CHAPTER II.

JUGGLERY EXTRAORDINARY.

"For the love of Heaven lave me go!" pleaded McShinn, the moment the club was taken out of his mouth.

"If yer do he'll bate the head off av yez," cried a dozen boys at once.

"Did you ever eat a snake?" the young juggler asked.

"Och, the young divil will be ther death av him!" cried a stout Irishwoman. "Wud yez look at that snake? Holy Nelly! Where's me childer?" and as he drew a snake some three feet long from the folds of his garment, the mothers in the crowd began to snatch up their youngsters and seek safer quarters.

"Hi, hi, hi—luk at the snake!" screeched a hundred urchins, as the serpent crawled over the head and shoulders of the paralyzed Paddy McShinn.

Suddenly Paddy yelled—yelled like a steam fog-whistle:

"Och, murther—murther! For the love of God save me!"

There being nothing in the shape of another policeman on that beat, it was some time before the officer on the next beat got an inkling of what was going on. He rapped for assistance, and together the two descended on the crowd, which was now increased to about a thousand people.

"Cheese it!" cried the boys, "the cops are comin'!"

The young juggler hastily secreted the serpent in the baggy folds of his dress, made a few passes with his right hand over the face and limbs of the victim of his art, and then darted away and was lost in the crowd.

On finding himself released, Paddy McShinn staggered away like a drunken man. He was pale as death, and hardly knew what he was doing.

The two officers rushed up to him and asked him:

"What's the trouble here, Paddy?"

Paddy looked at them and regained a portion of his courage.

"Sure, an' the ould divil is loose in the ward!" he replied.

"But what's the trouble?" they demanded again.

"Sure, the divil a wan av me knows," he replied, drawing his hand across his eyes, as if to brush away something that obscured his vision.

Several men now came up and briefly explained the trick that had been played on the officer.

The officers laughed—laughed till tears coursed down their cheeks—and Paddy grew red in the face, and wheeled on the spectators that still filled the street and sidewalks.

"Move on, yer dirty spalpeens!" he yelled, "or I'll club the

loife out av yez. Get into yer house, Misthress O'Hare, an' shtop yer grinnin', or by the piper as played afore Moses, I'll bate yer bye's nose off av him!"

The crowd scattered, and the young juggler was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is the young devil?" he roared. "The son av the ould Nick. Show me him an' I'll break all the bones in his body, the spalpeen!"

"And ate all his snakes!" cried Mrs. O'Hare from her window.

But the young juggler was out of sight. He was quietly trudging along another street, going up toward Grand street and the East river.

"I made some money in that crowd," he muttered to himself, "and got even with that officer for this lump on my head. I'd have given him such a scare as he would never have forgotten had not the other officers came up. I've a right to make an honest living. I didn't strike him, so they can't arrest me for what I did. He, he, he—how he yelled. It makes 'em shake. The old Hindoo Fakir did a good turn by me when he taught me his art, though he was cruel—inhuman. But I won't think of the past any more."

He trudged along up the street until he came to a large beer garden in which he heard music and a confused hum of voices.

"Here's a chance to make a dollar or two," he muttered, as he opened the door and entered the saloon.

There were at least half a hundred people in the place, and his strange dress at once attracted attention.

"What do you want here?" the proprietor asked.

"I want to give a little show," he replied.

"What kind of a show have you got?" he was asked.

"Jugglery."

"Ah, eh! Well, let's see what you can do in that line."

The customers in the place paid but little attention to him, drinking their beer and listening to the music.

He seated himself near a table and drew out a dozen large daggers and commenced tossing them in the air, catching them by the handles as they came down. The air seemed full of flying daggers, their bright blades flashing as they flew about.

The spectators, amazed at such a sight, left the tables and crowded around him to witness the performance.

Suddenly he leaped aside, and the daggers all fell to the floor, sticking in the wood and standing upright.

"Mine Gott in Himmel!" ejaculated a big fat Dutchman. "Vat vas dose, eh?"

He made no reply, and the astonished spectators applauded lustily.

Taking a hat from one of the bystanders he placed it on the table on his left. Taking another hat and placing it on the other one on his right, he made many strange passes with his hands over them, muttering strange words as he did so, apparently growing excited as he progressed.

The squall of a cat was heard.

Snatching up one hat he hurled it at the other, and instantly they both became enraged cats, who spat, yowled, clawed and fought as only old tomcats can fight.

"Whoop!" yelled a Bowery sport. "I'm betting on the winning cat!"

"Out of the way! Give 'em room!" cried the young juggler, and chairs and tables were hurled out of the way by the excited spectators.

They fought with such fury that a perfect cloud of fur gathered over them, which finally obscured them entirely from view; yet the terrible fight went on, the crowd yelled, and excitement ran high.

The cloud of fur seemed to rise half-way to the ceiling.

In another moment the young juggler made some strange motions toward the belligerent felines, spoke some unintelligible words in an authoritative tone, and the fight instantly ceased.

The cloud of dust and fur floated away, and there lay two innocent-looking hats on the floor.

"Mine Gott!" gasped the Dutchman.

"Howly Moses!" ejaculated an Irishman, "but they bate the Kilkennys intoirely!"

The crowd yelled with delight.

"Which hat won?" demanded the Bowery sport, as the young juggler handed the hats back to their respective owners.

The eager spectators crowded around and examined the hats. Not a bruise could be found on either of them.

"I'll bet ten dollars my hat can lick yours!" exclaimed one of the owners of the belligerent hats.

"Gentlemen, the cats are gone," said the juggler. "Please drop your coin, and the show will go on," and, passing around his peculiar-shaped hat, was amply rewarded by a liberal contribution from the delighted crowd.

Putting the money away, he drew from his bosom a queer-looking thing, which he slapped to his nose. It adhered there, in the shape of an enormous nose, seeming to become a part of his face, as no one could see where it joined to him.

Then, drawing a small flute from a mysterious pocket, he began to play a strange, weird air upon it.

As if literally drawn out by the music, a serpent over three feet long crawled out of an unseen pocket and coiled itself up on the table. The spectators, in breathless silence, moved away from the table, and gave the reptile a wide berth.

The serpent raised its head a foot above the table, and swayed to and fro, keeping time with the music. Fast or slow, he kept perfect time with the strains of music, his forked tongue darting out every second, and his small, black eyes scintillating like black diamonds.

"The blessed Vargin betune us an' harrum!" ejaculated the Irishman.

Suddenly the music ceased, and a death-like silence reigned in the beer garden. Every eye was riveted on the serpent. The juggler glared at the reptile as though under the serpentine spell, when quick as a flash of lightning the snake darted forward and fastened his fangs in his nose.

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUNG JUGGLER'S POWER.

A cry of horror went up from the spectators as the serpent struck the young juggler's nose, which was intensified by a yell from the juggler himself.

He sprang to his feet, seized the snake with his right hand, tore it from his proboscis, and sent it squirming through the air into the very midst of the spectators themselves.

Then ensued an indescribable scene of terror.

Men scrambled over each other to get out of the way of that deadly reptile. They yelled, screamed, and swore in half a dozen languages. In another two minutes there was not a man in the room, and the proprietor was bareheaded in the street yelling for the police at the top of his voice.

The young juggler rushed to the door, and cried out:

"Come back! That wasn't a snake at all!" and there was a broad grin on his dark, handsome face.

"Och, but he's the devil's own!" exclaimed the Irishman.

"Yah—der duyvil!" assented the Dutchman.

"See here, young fellow," said the proprietor, "where is that blasted snake?"

"There wasn't any snake," said the juggler.

"Oh, that's too thin! The first thing I know it'll be crawling up my leg."

"Well, it was about as much snake as the two hats were cats," was the good-natured reply.

"Well, I don't like such confounded jugglery," said the landlord. "Here you've frightened me out of a full year's growth."

The crowd laughed, and the landlord added:

"I never had such a scare in my life. I must have a drink to settle my nerves."

"So will I."

"And I—and me!" chorused the crowd, and for the next half hour the landlord did a rushing business—better than he had done in several days.

The young juggler declined all invitations to drink, and sat by one of the tables, seemingly in a deep brown study. It had paid him well to enter that beer garden, and he was thinking of the idea of proposing to the landlord to come there every day.

The crowd kept on drinking, and laughing at each other for being so scared about the snake, until several became quite intoxicated, and consequently very noisy and demonstrative.

Among the number was the Bowery sport, who claimed to be a very "bad man" in a row.

"Hyer, yer juggling devil!" he called to the young juggler, "yer must take yer bitters like a little man. Come up."

"I never drink, sir," was the reply.

"Then you've got to dance a jig, yer have," he yelled.

"I never dance."

"By the great tomcat, but I'll make yer dance," and he staggered over to where the young juggler was sitting near a table, and seized him by the shoulder. The juggler sprang up, caught the sport by both hands, and gave him a galvanic shock that raised the very hair on his head, and rendered him as helpless as an infant.

The spectators noticed there was something wrong with the sport, but could not understand just what it was. They saw the young juggler back him up against the wall and make a few rapid passes with his right hand, after which he went back and resumed his seat at the table.

A glance at the sport's face at once aroused the others. Such a look of horror they had never before seen on any man's face. His hair stood up, and his eyes glared wide open as though a ghost were confronting him.

"What the devil is the matter with you, Wally?" one of his friends asked, going up to him and laying a hand on his shoulder.

But the sport could not utter a word. He was speechless, and as rigid as marble. The juggler had mesmerized him.

The excitement again grew as intense as before, and the friend of Wally Guthman turned on the young juggler and asked:

"What have you done to him?"

"Just stood him up there to sober off," was the quiet reply.

"But he can't speak."

"Well, I'll let him speak," and with that he ran up and touched Guthman's lips with his finger.

Guthman yelled like a Comanche Indian.

"Whoop! Let me get at him! I'll chaw him up—I'll——"

"You'll remain just where you are till you express different sentiments toward me," said the young juggler, interrupting him. "I don't bear you any ill-will, but you shall not do me any harm if I can prevent it."

"Boy!" exclaimed an astounded citizen, "are you man or devil?"

"I guess I am a little of both," was the quiet reply.

By this time people had crowded into the beer garden until the place was literally packed with an excited crowd, who were all eager to see what was going on. They were so excited that the landlord became uneasy, and dreaded a row, in which event he knew his saloon would be gutted.

He crept around and whispered in his ear:

"Turn him loose and slip away, and come around to-night, and I will do something nice for you," and with that he slipped a silver dollar into his hand.

The young juggler smiled and arose to his feet, advanced toward Guthman, and made a few rapid passes over him. The next moment he darted away through the crowd, and Wally Guthman staggered away from the wall completely sobered.

"Where is he?" he yelled, looking around for the young juggler. "Kill him an' you'll destroy the infernal regions, for he's the head devil!"

"What did he do to you, Wally?" one of his friends asked.

"He turned me to stone an' stuck me up agin the wall, blast his infernal pictur!"

They looked for him in vain, for he was out and gone, richer by some four dollars for having dropped into the place.

"I'll soon get rich at this rate," he muttered, as he sauntered along up the street, "and then I'll hunt all over the world for my sister. She was saved and went on to Cairo, and then came on to America, thinking I had drowned with the rest of the boat's crew. Ugh! that terrible shipwreck will never pass from my mind. I saw father and mother perish, and then saw sister Eva taken into another boat, and then I never saw her again. The waves came and overwhelmed us and we went down—down till I thought we were a mile deep in the ocean. I knew no more till I opened my eyes and found the old Hindoo Fakir bending over me. He saved my life, but oh, how cruel he was! I am glad the tiger killed him, as it set me free. I got away from India and came to New York in search of my sister, as they told me in Bombay that she had gone to Cairo and then to America. But I won't talk about it any more. It makes me sad."

The reader will get an inkling of the young juggler's history from his mutterings as he trudged along through the streets of the city. A vessel had gone down off the coast of India five years before the opening of our story. The parents of the youth perished. He was taken into one boat and his young sister into another. His boat was swamped and all save himself were drowned. An old Hindoo Fakir found him insensible on the sands, washed up by the waves, and resuscitated him. He kept him as a servant, taught him Hindoo jugglery, and made him suffer a thousand deaths by his cruelty. Finally a tiger killed the Hindoo, and the youth was his own master. He made his way to Bombay, and then learned that his sister had been saved and sent to America by way of Cairo. He followed—working his way by his art, and had thus reached New York city.

When some four or five blocks above the saloon where he had created such consternation with the snake, the young juggler saw a crowd of people running toward him, some climbing trees and lamp-posts, and others trying to get into the houses, and a general terror manifested by everybody.

"What in the world is the matter, I wonder?" he exclaimed, and then the next moment he saw the cause of the commotion. A huge cur dog was bounding down the street, foaming at the mouth, and snapping savagely at everybody and everything.

"Mad dog—mad dog!" was the cry in everybody's mouth, and it spread terror wherever heard.

Two policemen were chasing the dog, firing their revolvers at him.

"Take care—mad dog!" yelled the officer, as the beast dashed toward the young juggler, who dropped on one knee, and commenced making rapid passes toward the dog with his right hand.

A cry of horror went up from scores of people as the dog rushed up close enough to blow foam in the young juggler's face. But he stopped there, fixed rigid as marble, his eyes glaring and white fangs displayed. The mysterious power had triumphed, and the beast was powerless to do further harm.

CHAPTER IV.

CHASING A POLICEMAN.

The sudden stoppage of the mad dog, and his rigid position, rendered the scene a very exciting one. The policeman ran up and fired volley after volley into the dog, and he still stood as rigid as a cast-iron dog.

But he died as he stood.

"How did you stop him?" the officer asked, gazing at the queer dress of the young juggler, who had arisen to his feet again, as the people ran up to look at the dead dog.

"I mesmerized him, sir," he replied.

"Mesmerized the moon!" sneered the officer. "Tell that to the marines."

"You must be a marine yourself if you don't believe what you saw with your own eyes," retorted the young juggler, preparing to move away.

His experience with policemen since his arrival in the city had been such as to make him desire to shun them on every occasion.

But he was not destined to thus get away from the knight of the locust.

"I say, young man," said the officer, giving him a scrutinizing look, "where do you hail from?"

"I have just landed in this city from Bombay," he replied. "Landed yesterday afternoon."

"What's your business?"

"I am a juggler—a traveling showman," was the quiet and very respectful reply.

"Oh, you be, eh? Well, now, what can you do?" and the tone of the officer was very insulting, at which the crowd which had come up to look at the dead mad dog laughed heartily.

"Do you want me to show you something I can do?" the young juggler asked.

"Yes—of course I do."

"Lend me your hats a moment."

Both policemen handed him their hats, and he rolled them about in his hands, muttering something in Hindostanee the while. Then, placing one on the sidewalk he threw the other one at it.

Instantly there were two big Tomcats fighting like sin, yowling, screeching, and spitting in the most approved feline style, raising a cloud of dust and fur and scattering the crowd.

They leaped, yowled, and clawed as only cats know how, and the crowd yelled with delight.

The two bareheaded policemen looked as sheepish as two innocent old rams. Their hats were engaged in a regular Kilkenny cat fight, and they powerless to prevent it.

"Whoop!" yelled an urchin; "the cops are fightin'! Hurrah for the cops!"

"Confound this jugglery!" exclaimed the officer; "stop this

racket and give me my hat," and he handed the boy a coin. The juggler took the coin, and then went up to the belligerent felines, passed his hands over them several times, muttering strange words the while, and in another minute the two hats were seen lying peacefully on the sidewalk.

The officers looked suspiciously into their hats before they put them on their heads, at which the crowd yelled and taunted them.

"You want to make yourself scarce in this ward," said one of the officers, his hand clutching his club very nervously.

"Well, good-by—look out for the cats!" said the young juggler, turning on his heels and walking away from the block, leaving the two officers to be laughed at by everybody on their beats.

But he was now followed by a motley crowd of men and boys who had seen just enough to create a burning desire to see more of his wondrous jugglery. They kept even pace with him, and filled the whole street, whooping and yelling like so many young Arabs, calling for a cat-fight, making noises like cats, and other turbulent demonstrations.

Of course, the policeman on the next beat wanted to know the cause of all this unusual demonstration, and tried to disperse the mob.

He might as well have undertaken to dam the East River. The crowd only hooted at him, and pointed to the young juggler, who was quietly trudging along the street as though utterly unconscious of the commotion he was creating. His strange dress struck the policeman as being the cause of the crowd following him, and therefore he thought it was his duty to arrest him.

Rushing forward, he grabbed the young juggler by the collar, and said:

"Hyer, yer snoozer, come erlong er me!"

"Why, what have I done?"

"Come erlong, I say!" and the inevitable club was raised threateningly above his head.

The young juggler looked up at the officer and then at his club, and quietly put both his hands on the left hand of the city guardian. Instantly the officer felt a shock that almost paralyzed him, and the next moment the juggler had him in his power.

He could move neither hand nor foot, and then an indefinable terror came upon him. Ignorant and superstitious, he yelled murder at the top of his voice.

"Shut up!" exclaimed the young juggler, touching the terrified officer's lips with the index finger of his right hand, and the mouth closed with a snap.

"Whoop!" yelled the astounded spectators, "look at the cop!"

The officer was a picture of helpless terror.

The young juggler eyed him savagely for a moment, and then said:

"You can only save your life by running. If you can out-run me you are safe—now!" and making a few rapid passes over him, he broke the mysterious chains that bound him.

With a cry of terror on his lips the demoralized officer sprang away, and fled down the street like a madman. The young juggler yelled:

"Catch him!" and started in hot pursuit.

Of course, the crowd joined in the chase, screeching and yelling at the top of their voices:

"Catch him—catch him!"

He ran as if for his life, making direct for the station, as if for protection.

Plunging into the station, white as a sheet, hair on end and eyes protruding, he astounded the sergeant in charge by yelling:

"Take him off—take him off!"

A couple of officers seized and held him, thinking he had suddenly gone mad.

"What ails you, Davis?" the sergeant asked.

"Oh, Lord, it was the devil!" gasped the trembling wretch, looking wildly around as the pursuing crowd began to pour into the station.

"Drive those people out!" commanded the sergeant, and in a few minutes the station-house was cleared.

Davis then told his story.

"Well," exclaimed the indignant sergeant, "you are the third officer who has been played on by that young imp of a juggler to-day, and you are the only one he run in. Now, if you don't go out, arrest and bring him in, I'll report you to the board, and ask for your discharge from the force. Take two men with you, and bring him in."

Davis looked sheepish enough, but mustered up sufficient courage to go out with the other two in search of the young juggler.

No one had seen the strange youth after the crowd had run a block in pursuit of Davis. He had slipped away after starting the chase, and was now on another street, making his way toward the Bowery.

CHAPTER V.

THE ARREST.

Having gotten away from the crowd, the young juggler reached Grand street, turned to the left and went toward the Bowery. When within a block or two of that great thoroughfare he stopped before a flower-stand kept by a large, stout woman.

A beautiful young lady was looking at several small bouquets, and finally purchased one—a very small one—for three cents. In getting change from her purse she dropped the bouquet to the ground.

The young juggler promptly stepped forward, picked it up, and tendered it to her, with:

"It is not so beautiful as its mistress, but it will win her love."

And then he made several rapid passes over it with his right hand, to the astonishment of the young lady, who took him to be either a fool or a very officious youth. Yet she took the little bouquet with a sweet: "Thank you," and quietly waited for her change, which the old flower-vender was rather slow in making.

Feeling something strange in her right hand, she glanced at the little bouquet and saw that it had doubled its size, and that other beautiful colors were breeding.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed, holding the budding bouquet off at arm's length and gazing at it with the greatest amazement. "Whatever does it mean?"

"It is merely making my word good, miss," said the young juggler, "and trying to win your love."

She glanced up at him again, saw his dark, handsome face, piercing black eyes, and strange, foreign dress, and then at the bouquet again. It was still budding and growing, being now five times the size when it was purchased.

The old woman gave her the change and glared at the bouquet with wide-open eyes and amazement plainly depicted on her stolid features.

"Oh, I am afraid of it!" the young lady exclaimed, evincing a disposition to throw it away and run.

"One flower should never fear another—God made them to love each other," remarked the young juggler. "Let it grow in your hand and you will grow more beautiful with it."

That was enough to fill the most timid feminine breast with inflexible courage. She clutched the budding bouquet and glared at it with an interest that made people in that crowded thoroughfare stop and gaze also. Of course, a perfect blockade was the result, and the police had to be called on to open the street for both pedestrians and vehicles.

The bouquet grew larger and larger until it was as large as a peck measure, and then the delighted young lady had to hold it with both hands.

The old flower-seller saw that she had sold a five-dollar bouquet for three cents, and tried to get it back.

"Miss," she said, "you got the wrong flowers. That was my best bo——"

"Ah-h-h-h!" groaned the crowd. "Dry up, old gal! Them flowers don't grow for no old leather blossom like you!"

This hit at the weather-beaten face of the old woman set the crowd in a roar.

"Are there enough for you, miss?" the young juggler asked.

"Oh, my, yes!" she replied.

He quickly made a pass over the huge bouquet, muttered a few words no one could understand, and the budding of the flowers instantly ceased.

Her astonishment was unbounded, and she exclaimed:

"Oh, I'll keep them as long as I live to remember you by, for I do so love flowers."

"Thank you, miss. That pays me for all my trouble."

By this time the police had worked their way through the crowd to where the juggler and the young lady were standing, and arrested both of them.

"What are you blocking up the street for?" they demanded, and then they caught her roughly by the arm and started to lead her away. She was frightened nearly to death.

"I couldn't help the people stopping on the street," she moaned.

"You've no business to do anything to attract a crowd!" was the gruff reply. "Come along."

"It was me, sir—not the lady!" said the young juggler, promptly stepping forward in front of the one who held her.

"Take me and let her go."

"We've got both of you—come along," and they were led away, followed by a crowd of men, women, and children, to the station house to which policeman Davis had fled for protection an hour ago.

They were both charged with gathering a crowd and completely blocking Grand street. The young lady tearfully told her story, which the young juggler corroborated.

"Ah, you are the chap who has been playing with the force all day," exclaimed the sergeant. "You are just the chap I want. Young lady, you can go home. Take your flowers and go. I will take care of this young man."

The young lady took the huge bouquet, cast one glance at the young juggler and darted out of the station house, and took the first uptown car that came along.

"Now, young man, give an account of yourself!" the sergeant demanded. "What have you been bothering our officers for?"

"I have been very particular to bother no one till they first bothered me," was the young juggler's reply, the very frankness of which staggered the sergeant.

"Don't you know that an officer has the right to bother those who violate the law?" he asked.

"Yes, but your officers were the only ones I have seen violating any law," was the answer. "I was giving a little show on the street when one of your men came up and gave me a whack on the head."

"That was Paddy McShinn!" cried a small voice at the door.

"And then you made a big show out of the officer?"

"Well, I did have a little fun with him," he said, smiling at the memory of McShinn's terror.

"And you ran another one off his post?"

"I believe he did run, sir."

The officers smiled audibly.

They had not yet gotten over the big laugh at Davis' expense.

"And you set two other officers' hats to fighting?"

The young juggler smiled, but remained silent.

"I shall have to lock you up till court opens to-morrow morning," said the sergeant. "What is your name?"

"Archie J. Prescott," he replied. "My middle name is Jack, or as I am generally called, 'Jack the Juggler.'"

The sergeant entered the information in the book before him.

"Now take him to cell No. 4," said the sergeant.

An officer motioned to him to follow, but he kept his seat, and seemed perfectly indifferent as to what was going on about him.

"Here—you!" And the officer started toward him to seize him, but the next moment he recoiled with a look of horror on his face.

Some half dozen serpents protruded their heads from as many folds of the juggler's garments, and darted their forked tongues at the officer.

"The deuce!" gasped the officer. "I can't stand that!"

The sergeant came forward and looked at the snakes. He was amazed beyond expression.

"What kind of snakes are they?" he demanded of the young juggler.

"Cobras," was the quiet reply.

"Good Lord!" gasped the sergeant, turning pale as death, and retreating to the further end of the room. "Get out of here, and if you come back I'll shoot you."

"I didn't come of my own accord this time," said the young juggler, smiling. "Won't you please instruct your men to let me alone? They trouble me on the street whenever they meet me."

"Get a license to show on the street, or hire a hall," said the sergeant. "But get out of here with those snakes as quick as you can."

The young juggler went out on the street again, and met Davis and the other two officers who were in search of him, returning to the station. They at once surrounded him, and covered him with their revolvers.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BURGLARY.

"Surrender, yer imp of the devil!" roared Davis.

"Ah, you're too late," said the young juggler, "I have surrendered already, and have just been sent away."

"Let him go, Davis," said an officer, coming out of the station-house. "We don't want him now."

"All right, but don't you come any more of yer tricks on me, do yer hear?"

"Ah, yes; I won't hurt you—don't get frightened," replied the youth, and the others roared. Davis swore like a pirate, and the young juggler went on his way unmolested.

The day was now well gone, and the young juggler felt both tired and hungry. He had picked up some five or six dollars during the day, and resolved to seek a hotel where he could eat, have a good room, and rest himself.

There were any number of little hotels on the Bowery, and into one of these he walked.

"I want a good room!" he said, as he approached the desk.

"Very well, sir—any baggage?"

"None but what I have on," was the reply.

"One dollar a day in advance," was the prompt reply from the clerk.

He handed him a dollar in small change, and then was told to sign his name in the register. Taking the pen which the clerk handed him, he wrote in a scrawling hand:

"Jack the Juggler."

"Do you wish to go to your room now?"

"Yes."

The clerk tapped a bell, and a servant appeared.

"Show this gentleman up to room 97," he said, handing the key to the servant.

The servant actually turned up his nose at the young juggler, and led the way upstairs, as though it was an act of supreme condescension on his part.

Archie followed, and found the room four flights up—next to the roof.

The room was a very common one, not worth half what he had been charged, but he was not posted well enough to know the difference. He took possession of it, and proceeded to lay off the curious baggy suit he wore, and appeared in an undress chamber suit, in which he lay down to rest and think.

He had been lying there half an hour, probably, when he heard two men enter the room next to his. They were talking earnestly together, and the tones of one of them sounded strangely familiar to him.

"It sounds like the man they called Wally in that saloon," he said to himself, "and that must be his room. I wonder what they can be talking about, and if——"

Something he overheard caused him to suddenly cease talking to himself and listen.

Being in his stocking feet, he softly moved to the thin partition that divided the two rooms, and placed his ear against a small crevice.

"Yes," said the familiar voice, "she wears ten thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, and when she goes to bed she just leaves them on her bureau till morning."

"You have got it straight now, have you?" the other asked.

"Yes, straight as a dollar."

"When can we grip it?"

"To-morrow night."

"You have got the right number?"

"Yes; 238 E—street."

The young juggler made a mental memorandum, and continued to listen.

He heard the plans of a burglary the two worthies designed to carry out on the next night, and a few minutes after heard them depart.

"How I wish I had another suit of clothes!" he exclaimed. "I could go about then, and nobody would know me. I could prevent those bad men from robbing the lady. I'll go out to-night, and see if I can't make enough to buy me a cheap suit to-morrow. I am so hungry I could eat anything."

He finally put on the baggy Hindoo Fakir dress, and went downstairs, where he was shown to a cheap restaurant for his meals.

After satisfying his hunger he strolled out on the street, and found the lamps lit and the stars twinkling over his head. He thought of the saloon where he had created such a sensation by throwing the serpent among the spectators, and thought of what the proprietor said to him about coming back again.

"I believe I will try to find the place again," he muttered to

himself, and he started out to do so. But he had to go through the same streets he had passed through since leaving the place, as he did not know the name of the street or of the saloon.

He succeeded in finding the saloon, though, and the landlord gave him a hearty welcome.

"I'll give you a good place to show in to-night," he said to him, "and you can have all you can pick up."

"Thank you," was all the modest youth said, as he wended his way to the corner of the large hall that had been assigned him.

"Now, see here, youngster," said the landlord, "don't throw any more snakes 'round here. I can't stand 'em. Haven't got over the scare you gave me this afternoon."

"That wasn't a snake," said the young juggler, very quietly.

"What was it, then?"

"Jugglery."

The landlord gave a whistle highly expressive of his astonishment.

"Well, that beats the Old Un," he said, as soon as he could find words to express himself. "But it won't do to throw any 'jugglery' snakes 'round. 'Twould raise a row, and the police would come in and close me up."

He promised not to throw any snakes, and took his seat to wait for the audience he was to entertain. They came in twos and threes, seating themselves at the tables and calling for beer.

At a signal from the landlord he commenced with the daggers, a feat which thrilled the spectators to such an extent that they crowded around as near to him as they could go with safety.

From the knives he passed to other and more startling feats, arousing an interest that astonished the landlord himself. The people who came in just for a glass of beer remained to see the young juggler, and in less than an hour's time the large hall was densely packed.

He took up a collection every half hour, and such was the interest he had excited that many men contributed liberally every time he came around with his cap.

He remained till near midnight, and then left, promising the landlord to return again.

"I will give you a chance every night, my lad," said the delighted landlord, "and we both can make a good thing out of it."

Shaking hands with the landlord, he started off down the street. As he turned the next corner a man rushed forward and dealt him a blow on the head that sent him rolling over and over on the sidewalk.

Springing to his feet as quick as he could, he saw his assailant flying down the street.

"It's that Wally," he muttered, rubbing his head. "I got a glimpse of his face just as he hit me. Lord, how hard he hit!" and he turned and resumed his walk, still rubbing the spot where the blow had lodged.

"He wanted to get even with me, I suppose, but I'll remember it against him. I'll make him sorry for it some day, or my name is not Archie Prescott."

He wended his way back to the Bowery hotel, where he sought his room and retired for the night.

The sun was high up toward noon when he came down the next day. He delayed in order to give Wally Guthman a chance to get away from the hotel.

On finishing his breakfast he sought a clothing store where he purchased a complete suit of clothes. The receipts at the saloon on the previous night had enabled him to make the purchase. Taking the new suit to his room, which he now paid for by the week, he donned them and so changed his ap-

pearance that no one would ever take him for the young juggler.

After going down into the office of the hotel and sauntering about, he met Wally Guthman face to face, and was not noticed.

"He doesn't know me," he said. "I will soon pay him back for that blow last night," and he then and there resolved to keep him in sight during the day and see who his associates were.

This led him all over the city, for Guthman was a first-class cracksman, though figuring as a regular Bowery sport. He had quite a number of pals, and had a good deal to do that day in preparing for the burglary two of them had arranged for that night.

Keeping his eye on the two men—Guthman particularly—the young juggler followed them to the house after midnight, which they were to enter.

He saw them enter the basement door under the front stoop, adjust a key to the door, and noiselessly enter the house.

Crouched under the shadow of a tree across the street, the young juggler awaited developments. He waited half an hour, and then a scream startled him.

It came from the house they had entered.

The next moment the two men opened the front door and bounded down the stoop at the top of their speed.

"I must stop them!" he exclaimed, in low tones, and sprang away after them with the speed of a deer.

CHAPTER VII.

A DARING FEAT—SHADOWED.

As Jack bounded away in pursuit of the burglars, he heard a voice calling lustily for the police, from the window of an upper story of the house that had just been robbed.

But the young juggler had a desperate resolve in his mind at that moment, and did not stop to listen to the cries of the police. He saw nothing of any officer, so he ran with all his might himself, and soon overtook one of the burglars in the second block below, and grasped his hand in both of his.

"Off—hands off!" cried the burglar, hoarsely, suddenly stopping to give him a blow.

But in another moment he felt a shock that seemed to stun him from head to foot, and a cry of dismay escaped him.

"Wally—Wally!" he cried, and then he was as silent as death.

The young juggler had made two passes at him with his right hand, and he was as helpless as a babe.

Wally wheeled and rushed to the assistance of his pal, seeing only a slender youth struggling with him.

"Blast you!" hissed Wally, aiming a terrific blow at the youth's head. "Hands off!"

The youth dodged the blow, but caught the clenched hand in his and held it with all his strength.

As he felt the shock of electricity, Wally Guthman gave a yell of affright. The next moment he was a helpless prisoner.

Two policemen now came up in hot pursuit, and arrested them.

"Here they are," said the young juggler. "I saw them coming out of that house and stopped them."

Then, as the officers had hold of them, he silently made passes with his hand and released them, trusting in the officers to cope with them.

"Blast you, take that!" hissed Wally, suddenly drawing a revolver and firing at the youth.

The bullet whizzed within an inch of the juggler's head, and the next moment the officer's club descended upon the burglar with such force as to lay him stunned and bleeding on the ground. The other burglar clenched with his captor, and tried to throw him, but the stalwart officer was a match for him, and soon had the nippers on him.

"Where is the boy?" one of the officers asked, looking around for the young juggler, after they had secured their prisoners.

He was nowhere to be seen.

He had slipped away, and was gone.

"Well, come on; we've got you two, anyhow. Halloo! what's this," and the officer drew a small case from the bosom of Wally Guthman's coat.

It was a case of diamonds.

"By George, it's the swag!" he exclaimed.

"Have you caught them?" a man exclaimed, running up almost out of breath.

"Guess we have," replied one of the officers. "We generally fetch 'em when we go for 'em."

"Thank God, that's my wife's case of diamonds!" said the man. "I will reward you, brave fellows, handsomely for this!"

"That's the talk. Come to the station-house with us, and give your name and address."

They went to the station-house, where Wally and his pal were recognized by the police as suspected thieves. The gentleman described and claimed the diamonds as belonging to his wife, and took a receipt from the captain of the precinct for them.

The prisoners were locked up, and the citizen returned home.

Neither of the two officers said a word about the youth who had so mysteriously disappeared, nor did the prisoners make any mention of him before being locked up.

But the wrath of Wally Guthman was something fearful.

"Ten thousand devils!" he hissed, as he paced to and fro in his narrow cell. "Why didn't I kill the juggling whelp instead of simply knocking him down last night? He must have recognized me, and has gotten his revenge. It was him. It can't be anybody else, and woe unto him if I ever get my hands on him again! No, not my hands. It won't do to touch him; but he'll feel the cold steel in his heart. Curse him—curse him! I don't see how I am to get out of this scrape."

The young juggler hurried away and returned to the hotel, and sought his room unquestioned. The hotel kept open all night, and its guests came in at all hours, hence his return was not particularly noticed.

The next day he saw an account of the burglary and capture, the two officers getting all the credit and praise.

"Ha, ha!" he chuckled. "I have had my revenge and the lady has her diamonds. I am satisfied. He won't trouble me any more," and then putting on his jugglery suit, he went out into the streets to see if he could not find something to do, and get some clue to his lost sister, who had come to this country some five years before.

During the day he strolled about the city, closely scanning the features of every young girl he met, hoping he would come across her. He believed he would know her on sight, never once doubting that fact.

In many parts of the city he gave exhibitions of his wonderful skill as a juggler, and gathered such crowds of people around him as to call for the interference of the police. He moved about from place to place, avoiding any trouble with the officers, making very fair wages.

Several days thus passed, and one day he was astonished at

seeing Wally Guthman glaring fiercely at him from the midst of a crowd of spectators.

"Halloo!" he asked, loud enough to startle Wally. "How did you get away?"

Wally wheeled and walked away.

He now knew that his captor was no other than the young juggler.

"How in the world did he get away, and why don't they arrest him again?" the young juggler asked himself a dozen times during the day. "Two policemen carried them away that night."

Alas! the poor, friendless youth in a strange land knew nothing about the subtle power of political influence in a republic. The owner of the diamonds had been prevailed on not to prosecute the burglars, having recovered his property, and the result was the discharge of the prisoners.

But he knew by the look of hate on Wally's face that he was meditating a fearful vengeance for the trick he had played him.

"I must look out for him after this," said the young juggler.

"He is a bold, bad man, and will do me all the harm he can. I will keep my eye on him. If he attacks me again I will paralyze him, and never break the charm again. That will end his power to do anybody harm."

Wally went away from the crowd and sent one of his pals to follow and watch the movements of the young juggler. All though the day this pal shadowed him, watching his every motion, and not letting him get out of his sight.

At the end of his day's work the young juggler returned to the hotel in the Bowery, and repaired at once to his room.

CHAPTER VIII.

ENTRAPPED.

"Great Jehosaphat!" exclaimed Wally Guthman, on learning that the young juggler was living in the same hotel with him, and had a room next to his, "won't somebody shoot me for a blasted fool? Here I've been within a few feet of the little cuss all the time, and didn't know it. He heard Tim and me talking, and followed us up. He knows too much, and I'm going to interview him. I'm going to send him over Jordan with a message. Oh, what a durned fool I am!" and he flung his cigar away with a gesture of impatience that displayed an aroused energy of purpose.

He made inquiry at the clerk's desk, and learned that the young juggler had been a guest of the hotel for over a week, under the name of Jack the Juggler.

"I didn't know he was a juggler, though; I thought he was fooling," said the clerk.

"Well, he is, and a hard case at that."

"Oh, well, that's all right as long as he pays his board," remarked the clerk.

"I suppose it is," assented the sport, as he sauntered away, only to meet young Prescott as he entered the front door.

Their eyes met, and the young juggler glared at him unflinchingly, at which the sport quailed and backed off, not knowing but what the mysterious power of his art would chain him up again.

Archie went up to his room again and changed his clothes, after which he came downstairs, went to the cheap restaurant on the opposite side of the street, and ate his lunch.

Wally watched him like a hawk.

"Blast his sneakin' plecter!" hissed he, as Archie entered the restaurant. "How do I know he doesn't disguise himself and

shadows me every night? I'm afraid to do any more work as long as he is loose. He must get out of the way before I can feel safe again. I'll put up a job on him which he can't get through with, or my name is not Wally Guthman."

He turned to his pal, who was in the hotel at the time, and said:

"Is the old brewery safe yet?"

"Yes—the police have not suspected it for a year," was the reply.

"Then we want it again."

"Why?"

"Oh, we'll have a jugglery show there some evening, and I want you to keep away from me so as not to cause him to suspect you. Oh, won't I make him howl!" and the smile of satisfaction on his face was one of anticipation.

That day he visited the old brewery over on the east side, and entered it by means of an old key he carried. There was a dry, musty smell about the place, and a rattling scamper of rats as he entered.

"Just the place," he muttered, "and the vaults will simply echo his cries without doing him any good. I'll make it his living tomb. Can't get rid of him any other way without getting my neck in a noose. The devil couldn't hold a hand against that mysterious power of his. Tim can get him to come here and play before a gang of brewers, and close the doors on him. That will be the end of the young devil."

Striking a light he wended his way downstairs to the door of the vault, where ales were stored in the days when the great brewery was in full blast. The vault was dark—dark as Egypt, and cheerless and chilly even when lighted up. It was divided into three compartments by means of huge iron bars six inches apart, arranged thus to allow free circulation of air.

Seeing everything was safe for his plan, Wally Guthman entered the upper rooms again, and sought the fresh air of the street.

That evening he repaired to the brewery again, and carried a candle with him, left the door open, and went away. In a short while across the street in the block below he waited for news from his pal.

His pal was at work.

The young juggler was going from one saloon to another, performing his wonderful feats and gathering a harvest of pence and quarts, when a well-dressed man stepped up to him and asked:

"Will you go anywhere for pay?"

"Yes, if it will pay to go," he replied.

"Well, I own a large brewery down in another ward, where a lot of men work all night. They have an hour off at midnight, and they want to see you perform. One of them has seen you on the streets, and told them about you. Will you go down there with me?"

"How much will it pay?"

"They'll make up a purse of five dollars for you."

"Then I'll go," was the answer, and accordingly the man waited around till the saloons closed at midnight, and then led the way toward the old brewery.

On reaching the place the young juggler saw but one dim light at the head of the stairs at the far end of the building.

"Why, there isn't anybody here," he exclaimed, turning, and looking up at the man as if for an explanation.

"Oh, the night force works in the vaults," he said, "fifty of them. Come this way," and he led the way to the stairs, which he descended, and pushed open the door at the foot of the stairs.

As the juggler followed him without uttering a word of suspicion and entered the vault, in which two other candles

were burning. But the moment he followed the man through the first iron-bound gate of the partition he saw him wheel around, plunge through the gate, close and try to lock it.

Quick as a flash he saw that treachery was at work somewhere, though he did not know who the man was or why he should be his enemy. Springing forward, he thrust his hands between the bars, caught the man's left hand in his two, and gave him a tremendous shock, which made him yell like an Indian. The next moment the young juggler had him mesmerized as rigid as a marble statue.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed. "You will keep me company here, my good friend, and I will perform for your benefit. You can't hand me that key, can you? No, your right hand and shoulder are rather stiff, eh? Well, you will be very stiff as long as we remain in here. Wish I could get hold of that key though," and he made strenuous efforts to get to it. But his right hand could not reach the key.

"I must see if I can't get out of this awful place some way," and he turned and examined every nook and corner of the compartment he was in. No prison cell could have been made more secure. The walls on either side were of heavy stone, and no windows were visible.

"I can't get out of here this way, that's certain," he said, after trying every bar to see if he could find one that was loose in its fastening. "I must see if I can't manage some way to get hold of that key. I wish I knew what all this means. I never saw you before," and he looked hard at the man whom he had thus arrested just in time to avoid being left alone.

The man looked the personification of terror. His hair was on end, and his eyes almost bulging out of their sockets as his glances followed the young juggler in all his movements.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PARALYZED PAL.

The young juggler now sat down on an empty cask, and gazed around the great, gloomy vault, and wondered how he would ever live to see the light of day again.

He did not care so much for himself. It was his young sister whom he had come ten thousand miles in search of.

"Oh, Eva!" he moaned, "if I only knew that you were alive I could bear even this without a murmur, for my life has been one of misery and suffering. I have lived in dark, filthy dungeons, with great, slimy serpents, beside which this would seem a palace. But you, my darling, motherless sister, in all this wide world where are you?"

He buried his face in his hands and sobbed.

But a moment later he sprang up, his eyes glaring fiercely, and rushing to the bars, exclaimed:

"And you, you vile wretch, have sought to destroy her brother! I don't know you, you can't know anything about me. Why, then, seek to do me harm? These people who speak my native tongue so charmingly are as cruel as the old Hindoo Fakir!"

But the man, while he could both see and hear, was paralyzed; he could neither move nor speak, and that the young juggler himself well knew.

"Oh, if I could only reach that key in his right hand!" he exclaimed, and again he stretched his right arm through the bars in a vain effort to reach the key.

He could remove the spell that held the man a helpless prisoner, but that would enable him to stagger out of his reach, and thus escape, and he would be left alone in that horrible vault.

At last he tore a hoop off the cask on which he had been seated and broke it in two; with one of the pieces he reached forward and thrust it through the loop in the handle of the key.

"Ah, I will get it now!" he exclaimed, and commenced twisting the piece of hoop. The key was held firmly, and it was half an hour's hard work to get it out of the rigid hand, which he finally did, after lacerating the wretch's hand to a considerable extent.

The moment he found the key in his hand he gave a shout and fitted it in the lock, turned it and was free.

"I am free now!" he cried, dancing around the rigid man in the greatest glee, "but you are not. I will leave you here for your friends, the rats, to take care of you. Good-by, and look out for the rats," and with that he turned and left the vault the same way he had entered.

In a few moments he was on the street, wending his way back to the little Bowery hotel, which he reached at about three o'clock in the morning.

The English language fails in any attempt to describe the feelings of the wretch whom the young juggler had left in the vault of the old brewery.

He was conscious of everything that transpired around him, but he was powerless to move even a little finger. Some mysterious power held him in its resistless grip, and made him like a marble statue.

Even the power of speech was denied him, which was worse than all, for he felt that if he could only give full vent to his feelings in a series of yells, he would feel better. It would relieve him, and he could then wait for someone to come and release him.

In a beer saloon, in the block below the old deserted brewery, Wally Guthman waited full two hours for his pal to put in an appearance.

The saloon was one of those low places that kept open all night, so Wally could wait there till sunrise, if he chose to do so, only calling for a drink every half hour or so.

But at last he began to suspect that something was wrong.

"If Tim failed to get him in there he would have come and told," he reasoned with himself. "If he got him in there all right, then something has happened to him. Blast the young devil! He came near sending me up for ten years. I'll go down to the brewery and see what's the matter, anyhow."

Taking a stiff horn of whisky to help his courage, he started down to the brewery. He found the front door open just as he had left it, and also the candle at the head of the stairs, almost burned down to the floor.

"By George!" he muttered, as he looked at the candle, "in another hour the old thing would have been in flames, and nothing known about it. Halloo! here's tracks in the dust. Tim must have brought him, after all. I wonder what can be the matter with him? I'll go down, and if that young devil tries to get his hands on me I'll shoot him on the spot!" and drawing his revolver, Wally Guthman proceeded to descend to the vault below.

He found the door at the foot of the stairs standing wide open, and also found a candle burned down to within an inch of the block on which it had been stuck. A profound silence, other than the noise made by the stamping rat, reigned throughout the vast building.

Wally advanced, revolver in hand, and was startled at seeing his pal, Tim Lane, standing by the barred gate of the partition, looking as rigid as a bronze statue.

He gazed at him in profound amazement for a few moments, and then spoke:

"Tim!"

But Tim was as silent as the sphinx.

"Tim!" in still louder tones.

Tim heard with joy, but could neither answer nor move a muscle.

"My God!" gasped Wally, rushing forward and gazing into his pal's eyes, "the young devil has fixed him! Where is he? Show him to me, and I'll make more holes in him than a hencoop ever had."

He glared around in every direction, but no young juggler was in sight; for Archie Prescott was, at that moment, soundly sleeping in his bed at the hotel in the Bowery.

But to make sure that he was not lurking about in the vault like a serpent, Wally Guthman took up the candle, and began a search from one end to the other.

"Gone!" he muttered, when he had finished the search, "and Tim is still under the spell. What in the world am I to do now? Tim can neither walk nor talk, and is as stiff as a board. Tim, blast it, can't you say something, old fellow?" and he held the candle up close to his pal's face.

But Tim was as speechless as a log, and the expression of his face alarmed Wally.

"By the Lord, old pal!" shuddering as though convulsed with an ague, "you're into it hard and fast. I don't know what to do for you. I can't make him come here and break the spell, and I don't believe that anybody else can do anything for you. I can take you to my room, though, and take care of you, and I will. Just wait here till I come back"—as though there was any danger of his leaving—and he ran up the steps, dashed out into the street, took an uptown street car which ran all night, made his way to Broadway and Union Square, where he found a carriage waiting for a belated customer.

He sprang in and ordered the driver to drive to — street.

The driver did so without asking any questions, and in a few minutes he was in front of the old deserted brewery.

"Stop here," said Wally, from within.

"All right, boss—hyer yer are," responded the driver, reining up his horses. "But yer can't get nothin' ter drink hyer. This brewery ain't runnin' it ain't."

Wally sprang out, and turned to the driver, and asked:

"Will your horses stand?"

"Yes, like posts."

"Get down and come with me, then."

The astonished driver looked at him and hesitated.

Wally clapped his revolver up at him and then hissed:

"Get down and follow me, or you are a dead man!"

CHAPTER X.

THE "OLD QUACK."

On seeing the black muzzle of the revolver staring him in the face, the carriage driver became suddenly demoralized.

"Oh, Lord, don't shoot!" he gasped, sliding down from his seat with cat-like agility.

"Of course I won't," replied Wally, "if you will come with me; I won't stand any foolishness, though. Now, come on." He led the way into the old brewery, and the trembling driver followed him, too much demoralized to even think of trying to escape.

Wally led the way down into the vault. The driver followed. The candles were almost gone, but they gave light enough to enable them to see Tim standing just where Wally had left him, and as rigid as ever.

"Do you see that man?" said Wally to the driver, as he pointed toward him.

"Y-yes," faltered Jehu.

"Well, he was in a awfully stiff, and can't even move a finger. I want to take him to my hotel. That's all I want you to do. Now, help me take him up to the carriage."

They both took him up in their arms and carried him up the steps and out to the carriage.

"Better get a truck, sir," suggested the driver. "He's too long to go in there."

Wally thought so, too, but he was determined to get him into the vehicle if half of him had to hang out of the window.

"He is rather long," he replied, "but I think we can get him in some way. We'll try, anyhow."

After considerable trouble they got him in headforemost, and left his feet protruding from the door.

"Now drive over to the Bowery as fast as you can; I'll keep him in position till we get there."

The driver did as he was ordered, and in a few minutes he had halted in front of the very hotel in which the young juggler at the time was sleeping.

They took him out of the carriage and carried him up into Wally Guthman's room, where he was laid out on the bed as stiff as a cigar sign.

The noise made by so many feet in the next room woke up the young juggler, who listened because he could not sleep.

"How did it happen?" the night clerk asked of Wally.

"Hanged if I know," was the reply. "I found him stiff as a board and speechless, and I brought him here; I never go back on a friend."

Wally was apprehensive that the young juggler might be listening, and did not want to give himself away if he could help it.

Early the next morning a physician was sent for. He came and made a critical examination of the patient.

Archie Prescott in the next room was listening to all that was said:

"It is a case of epilepsy—an epileptic fit," said the wise doctor, and he proposed to use the remedies usually resorted to in such cases.

He wrote a prescription and sent Wally to the drug store to have it filled.

"Now is my time," whispered the young juggler to himself, suddenly donning a wig and adding to his nose so as to make that member enormously prominent, he hobbled out into the corridor and shuffled along till he came to the door of Wally's room. The doctor, a chambermaid, and two gentlemen were in there.

He entered, and glared at the stiff man on the bed.

"What's the matter with him?" he asked in trembling tones, like an old man.

"Epileptic attack," the doctor briefly replied.

"Eh? Epileptic! I know something about that—let's see," and quickly advancing to the bedside, looked closely into Tim's face, while the doctor turned up his nose, and muttered:

"Quack!"

"Eh?" exclaimed the dumfounded young juggler. "This sort of quack. It is something that requires vigorous treatment, though, and——"

"Well, what do I do?" the physician asked, with a supercilious look in his tones, turning to one of the men at his side.

"I can only teach you the rudiments of your profession," replied the doctor, suddenly turning upon the doctor. "Look and learn." Then, turning to the

patient again, he gave him a vigorous slap in the face, and made some rapid passes over him with his right hand.

"Get out of here, you abominable old quack!" exclaimed the indignant physician, who considered himself insulted by the old man, "or I'll throw you out of the window!"

And seizing Archie by the shoulder, he wheeled him toward the door, and sent him flying out into the corridor.

An exclamation of surprise escaped from the others in the room, and the doctor turned to see the occasion of it. He was astounded at seeing Tim getting off the bed as lively as the liveliest individual in the room.

He glared with eyes wide open and hands elevated above his head.

"Great Esculapius!" he exclaimed. "What does all this mean?"

"It means that I am all right," replied Tim Lane, "thanks to that old quack you just put out of the room."

"I—I—can't understand it," faltered the M. D. "It passes—my—understanding."

"Of course it does," said Tim. "You want to go to school to the old quack for about ten years, and then maybe you'd learn something about your business. Who sent for you, anyhow?"

This from one who had been pronounced an epileptic only five minutes before, astonished not only the physician, but everybody else in the room. They stared at him as though he had just risen from the dead.

The doctor was insulted, though, and indignantly demanded five dollars for his professional services.

"You blasted idiot!" gasped Tim. "You put out the old man who cured me, and now want his fee! You have the cheek of——"

Here Wally entered the room with the medicine he had been sent for in his hand, and the doctor turned on him with:

"Did you send for me, sir?"

"Yes—of course I did," replied Wally, looking from one to the other. "Why, you have got him up all right, by George!"

The whole party, save the doctor, roared at this.

"Five dollars, if you please," said the doctor, frowning severely.

"Yes, of course," replied Wally, glad enough to see his pal up again, "here it is," and he handed a five dollar bill toward the doctor.

"Wally, you blasted fool!" exclaimed Tim, snatching the bill out of his hand. "Give it to the man who deserves it. This man is an infernal quack!"

The indignant doctor turned and dealt him a stunning blow with his fist, and Tim sprang upon him like an enraged tiger. But the doctor's blood was up. He landed two or three blows where they would do the most good, and Tim staggered away the worse for the encounter.

"Great fighting cocks!" exclaimed Wally. "Will somebody unravel this mystery for me?"

"You can clear up the mystery by paying me five dollars for my professional services," remarked the doctor, advancing toward him with outstretched hand.

"Of course, doctor. I'd give ten dollars to understand this thing," and he placed a bill in his hand. "Who can tell me what all this means?"

"Your epileptic friend there can, I guess," said the doctor, "if you are not in this attempt at practical joking on a reputable physician. I would advise you to know your own business, trying it on again," and with that the vallant doctor departed.

"Tim, you infernal bungler!" exclaimed Wally, advancing toward his pal, "tell me about this doctor business before I annihilate you!"

Tim was nursing a bleeding nose, and did not reply. But

one of the spectators of the whole scene volunteered to do so. "Twas an old man," he said, "who came in and slapped Tim in the face, and told him to get up. The doctor put the old fellow out of the room, and your friend got up as natural as life. That's all that happened."

CHAPTER XI.

SPREADING THE NET.

Wally Guthman was in turn the picture of astonishment. He glared at Tim, and asked:

"Did you know him?"

"No."

"Never saw him before?"

"Never!"

"Where is he?"

"Don't know."

"Was it him?"

"Lord, no."

Wally turned, and ran out into the corridor, exclaiming:

"I'll give any man fifty dollars who will show me that old doctor."

Instantly the servants hurried to and fro in eager anxiety to earn the fifty dollars. But the mysterious old man had disappeared, and no one could tell who he was or whence he came; and Wally was left to ponder over the occurrence as one of the many things he was not born to understand.

In the meantime Archie Prescott, alias Jack the Juggler, remained in his room, a quiet listener to all that transpired. He laughed in his sleeve and moved noiselessly up to the thin partition which divided them, and drank in every word.

"Tim," said Wally, when the other had departed and left them alone, "how the devil did it happen?"

"What happen?"

"That young devil—how did he get the clamps on you?"

"Oh, yes. Well, I got him down there all right, and was locking the iron-barred door on him, when he suspected the game, sprang forward, reached through the bars, and caught my hand in his. In another moment I was helpless. But he was a prisoner. The key was in my right hand, and that was beyond his reach. He tore around there for over an hour talking about his sister, and then muttering in a tongue I could not understand. At last he cut a hoop off of a cask and reached through the bars and twisted the key out of my hand, tearing it badly. Just look at that," and he held up his lacerated hand for inspection. "The pain was intolerable, and I would have given the world for the privilege of yelling, but I could not make a sound. Wally, I would not go through such another experience for my weight in gold."

"It was rough," said Wally. "It is something that puzzles me. That young juggler is after our gang, and unless we get rid of him he will get us all in quod."

"That may be," assented Tim. "I'd rather get five years in Sing Sing than go through what I did last night."

"Well, if we can find that old man we may get him to quietly tie the young devil up as he did you. If he can break the spell he can make it. But I am afraid they are both the same person."

"Not a bit of it!" said Tim, very emphatically. "He was an old man, and no mistake. He couldn't play off on me that way, for I looked him straight in the eyes all the time."

"Well, let's go down and have some breakfast and get your hand dressed," and the two villains went out of the room, and descended to the restaurant.

"Oh, I'll play them another game," said Jack the Juggler, as he listened to their retreating footsteps. "They are determined to kill me because they think I am still trying to hunt them down as I did the other night. Now they will never rest till they either kill me or do me some bodily harm, and I must seek some way to circumvent them. They think I am an old physician endowed with supernatural powers, and will try to get me to do the work they are afraid to do themselves. Ha, ha, ha! I will set a trap for them, and bag them all without any trouble."

Taking the wig and false nose and placing them in his bosom, he strolled down the stairs and out into the street without attracting any attention. But as he entered a crowd on a corner he adjusted the nose and wig so dexterously that no one saw him.

Thus prepared, he strolled over toward the restaurant where he knew Wally and Tim had gone for their breakfast, walked in, seated himself at a table, and ordered a simple breakfast.

He saw Wally and Tim eating at another table, but pretended an utter oblivion of their presence. They did not see him until they were through with their meal, when Tim startled him with:

"By the Lord, Wally, there he is!"

"Who?" Wally asked, looking around.

"That old doctor," and walking boldly up to his table, Tim stretched out his hand to our hero.

"Do you know me, doctor?"

Archie looked up at him a moment, and then replied in weak, tremulous tones:

"I know your face, but not your name. How do you feel now?"

"Never felt better in my life. I want to thank you for your services this morning."

"There is no need of doing so, my friend. I am paid well enough in seeing you up again."

"But I must thank you, doctor," and Tim grasped the unresisting hand and shook it warmly, "and pay you, too, for you did what no other physician in this city could do," and he dropped a five-dollar bill into the supposed doctor's hand.

"I—I did not do that for money," he stammered.

"Of course not, but you find that you have to pay for everything you get in this city, don't you?"

"Yes—yes, everything costs money," he said, with just the least bit of a sigh.

"So you see that is the best way for me to show my appreciation of your genius and skill," said Tim. "I consider that you saved my life, doctor."

"Maybe so—maybe. How did you get in that condition?"

"Ah! There's a strange story, doctor, which, if you will come over to my friend's room in the hotel, I will relate to you. But tell me, how did you know what ailed me?"

"Oh, I have lived many years in Oriental countries, and have some knowledge of the mysteries of their sorcerers and jugglers," was the modest reply, "and knew at a glance that you were under a potent spell of some sort."

"True—true as you sit there. But can you exercise those powers, too, doctor, as well as dispel them?"

"Oh, yes. The power to disperse cannot exist without the power to create."

"Will you come over to my room and hear the story of my friend?" Wally asked, so deeply interested that he could not refrain from speaking.

"Yes, I would be happy to do so, since I have nowhere else to go," he replied.

"You have no home?" Wally asked.

"Only the wild—wild world to lay claim to," said he, in very sad tones.

"Then you can have a home with me," Wally remarked, as they arose and left the restaurant, "until you can make one for yourself. A man with your attainments can soon make a fortune in New York city. Here, register your name, and the clerk will give you a room," and handing the clerk a bill, he remarked:

"Give the doctor a good room for a week."

A room on the same floor with Wally's was assigned him, and he was shown up to it by a servant of the hotel, Wally and Tim following.

CHAPTER XII.

THE YOUNG MAIDEN.

Once in the room Wally ordered a bottle of wine.

"I never drink any kind of wine," the old doctor said.

"Never?"

"No, never," and he shook his head very emphatically.

Wally then shut the door, and he and Tim sat down close by his side.

"There is a young juggler who is stopping here in this house, doctor," said Tim, in a low tone of voice, "who possesses that mysterious power under which you saw me this morning. He has twice used it on my friend here, and once on myself. He is our deadly enemy and seeks to destroy us."

The doctor shook his head.

"Why do you shake your head, doctor?" Wally asked.

"Because if he wanted to destroy you he could do so at any moment he chose to put his finger upon you."

"He can?" and both men turned pale.

"Yes; people who possess the power to lock up all your physical powers by a touch and wave of the hands, can stop the pulsation of the heart, when death would be instantaneous."

"Great God, what a power for a human being to possess!" exclaimed Wally.

"Yes, 'tis a tremendous power," and the old man shook his head ominously. "Can you tell me where this young juggler is from?"

"I hear that he came from India," replied Tim. "But he is certainly not a native of that country."

"I would like to see him," muttered the old doctor, as if talking to himself.

"Can you oppose your power to his?"

"Yes."

"And overcome it?"

"Yes."

"And destroy his power?"

"Yes."

"Good! You are the very man we want!" and they both grasped his hands, and shook them warmly. "Your fortune is made!"

The pretended old doctor never once smiled.

"I did not say that I would destroy his power," he remarked, "for I know him not, and therefore have nothing against him."

"But he is exercising that power to injure others."

"Ah, then it ought to be destroyed. Bring him before me and I will destroy him of that power forever."

"The power being destroyed, you become his power is too much for you. You are too weak to destroy him. Would that I could help!"

"That would do as well."

"Then we will watch for him when he comes in, and send him into his room, which is next to mine."

"Very well. I shall then see for myself if he is a very bad young man."

"Oh, well, you don't expect him to tell you that he is a bad man, do you?" Wally asked.

"No; but I can make up my mind about him when I have heard both sides."

Wally and Tim looked very blank at this. That did not suit them at all. They did not propose to be investigated by the wily old doctor. That was furthest from their intentions.

"Look here, doctor," said Wally, after a pause of several minutes, "I don't want you to have anything to do with him, except to destroy his power over others. If you will do that, I will make it possible for you to make a fortune in this city, and pay you well besides. He is our enemy, and we want to destroy his power to harm us."

"Yes—yes—I understand. I will do as you say. But we must not do anything to arouse suspicion in his mind. Show me his room, and leave the rest to me."

"Come, then, and I'll show you his room door."

The old doctor followed him along the corridor till they reached the door of the young juggler's room.

"This is it," whispered Wally Guthman, "and that one is mine. Come into my room, and take a seat."

They entered Guthman's room and seated themselves.

"Give me a test of your powers, doctor," Wally asked, when they had been seated there a few moments.

"What shall it be?" our hero asked.

"Anything."

"Very well," said the old doctor, arising and extending his right hand toward him. "Give me your left hand."

Wally extended his left hand rather timidly.

"Give me your right," he asked, extending his left toward Tim.

Tim did so, and stood facing his pal.

"Now join hands."

Wally and Tim instantly grasped each other's hands, and the moment they touched, both felt a shock that knocked them sprawling on the floor, making them see more stars than they had ever dreamed were in existence.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Tim, as he picked himself up and rubbed himself all over, "I don't want any more of it."

"Ugh! I'm knocked all out of time!" groaned Wally. "What made you give it so strong, doctor?"

"Because you doubted my power, and I wanted to remove your doubts."

"You came near removing me, too," he groaned. "Lord, what a shock; thought I was struck by lightning."

"So did I," added Tim, still rubbing himself from head to foot.

"Can you confer that power on another, doctor?" Wally Guthman asked.

"Yes—but it would pass from me to do so. It can't be divided."

"Then you wouldn't part with it, would you?"

"Not under any consideration."

"What would I not give to have it!"

"You would use it to injure others, I fear, and so it is well that you have it not," said the old doctor, arising and starting to leave the room.

"Where are you going, doctor?"

"To my room. I wish to rest awhile," and he passed to the room that had been assigned him at Guthman's expense.

"Tim!" exclaimed Wally, when they were alone, "we shall make that young juggler shake in his boots yet. When the old man breaks his power I'll break every bone in his body."

"Yes, and then maybe we can use the old fellow afterwards," suggested Tim.

"Of course we can. I can manage him. We can make a fortune with him, and I'm going to do it."

In the afternoon the old doctor came out of his room, went slowly down the stairs, and strolled along Grand street. The great retail street was crowded with women and children going shopping.

He had not gone many blocks before he met the young lady to whom he spoke one day when she dropped a bouquet, and who had been arrested with him for having collected a crowd on the street.

He remembered her sweet, fresh young face very well, for she could not have been more than seventeen years of age.

She was walking slowly along the street, looking at the many beautiful store windows.

He ran to a flower stand and bought a small three-cent bouquet, with which he proceeded to overtake her.

"Miss," he said, bowing profoundly, "the youth who caused your bouquet to grow in your hand the other day directs me to hand you this one," and he handed the little bouquet to the astonished little maiden.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed, as she took the flower. "Will it grow like the other one did?"

"Yes, if you think of him and kiss it," he replied. "If you frown and tell it to stop it will do so."

"Oh, I will take it home and kiss it, with all my heart," she replied, her eyes fairly dancing with joy. "But where is he? Tell him I have never forgotten him. I would so like to see him again. I had a father, mother, and brother once, but they are all dead. Tell him I shall never forget him."

"Ah!" and the old doctor's voice trembled as he spoke, "he had a father, mother and sister once, but his parents are dead, and his sister is lost somewhere in the wide-wide world."

"But he—where is he?" she asked again.

"Somewhere in the city, I suppose."

"Will you see him again?"

"Yes—I am stopping at the — Hotel, in the Bowery," and then the jostling crowd separated them. The young girl looked around for him a few moments, and failing to find him, passed on down the street.

"She is a good girl," he muttered, as he passed on. "I think Eva must look like her. Oh, my poor sister! where are you? Where are you?" and he looked at the surging stream of women and children as they flowed past him in the hope of seeing her in their midst.

As he stood there gazing at the passing throng he beheld the young maiden go by, followed by both Wally Guthman and Tim Lane.

"The fiends!" he hissed, "they will rue the day they harm a hair of her head! I'll change and follow them," and running up behind a covered wagon in the street, he quickly took off the wig and the artificial nose, thrust them into his bosom, and then hurried on after them.

CHAPTER XIII.

WATCHING THE VILLAINS.

Disguised now as a youth of his real age, he ran briskly forward, and soon overtook them. Wally and Tim were still following her along the street, watching every movement she made and frequently consulting together in low tones.

She seemed utterly unconscious of their presence, and frequently stopped to admire the displays made in shop windows, at which times they would pass near enough to brush against her dress.

At last she turned and walked down toward the Grand street ferry, and they followed close upon her heels.

She entered the ferry-house. They did likewise, and the boat soon landed them on the Brooklyn side of the river.

There she walked up the street several blocks, the two men following her, and the young juggler keeping all three in sight.

She turned a corner and walked briskly for about two blocks, and suddenly entered a house by means of a latch key.

"Ah, she lives in that house," the young juggler heard Wally Guthman say. "I must find out what she knows about that old doctor," and to the surprise of Archie he turned boldly to the door and rang the bell.

A middle-aged lady came to the door, and asked:

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Yes, ma'am. I desire to see the young lady who just came in, if you please," he replied, in very polite tones, raising his hat, at which the woman seemed greatly pleased.

Just at that moment the young girl came into the hall, and Wally saw her.

"That is the young lady, ma'am," loud enough for her to hear him, as he advanced toward her, and doffing his hat entirely, said:

"Pardon me, miss, but I have called to ask if you know the mysterious little old gentleman who spoke to you on Grand street near the Bowery, an hour ago?"

She seemed astonished at the question, and looked from one to the other of the two men. The lady of the house also looked hard at her.

"No, sir," she answered. "I never saw him before in my life. He came up and gave me a message from a friend, who sent me this little bouquet, and then went away."

"Pardon me again, but do you know whether or not your friend did send a message to you by him?"

"Oh, yes, for I was conscious of that by his message," she replied, very promptly.

"Who was the friend who——"

"You have no right to ask me such questions, sir!" she interrupted, her large, lustrous brown eyes flashing indignantly.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he very promptly responded. "I mean no offense, but I am in search of some clew to the little old man, and——"

"Then why not go to him and ask him all about it?" she asked.

"Because that would arouse suspicion we do not wish to excite," was the evasive reply.

"Well, I know nothing about him. Never saw him before, and may never see him again."

"You object to giving the name of your friend who——"

"Most decidedly," was her very emphatic reply, as she turned and re-entered the room she had just come out of.

"In that case we must look elsewhere for information we are in search of," said Wally, turning and bowing to the young lady as he left the house.

Archie Prescott was across the street watching and waiting.

When he saw the two villains leave the house he was strongly tempted to run over, ring the bell, and ask what those two men wanted there.

"But I'll follow them," he muttered to himself, "and see what they are up to in this thing. They met with a cold reception there, that's certain, if my eye-sight is worth anything," and he turned and followed on after them as they wended their way back toward the East river.

Keeping them well in sight he followed them up to the Bowery, where, in a secure place, he again put on the false nose and wig, and met them on the street.

Wally Guthman soon saw and hailed him.

"Halloo, doctor!" he exclaimed.

The old doctor halted.

"You are out admiring the sex, are you?" Wally asked, laughing.

"Not out for that purpose, young man," he replied, "but I never fail to admire them, though, when they are worthy of admiration."

"Oh, that sounds good; but how about presenting bouquets to young girls? I saw you do that very handsomely some little time ago."

"You did? She was a sweet-looking girl, wasn't she?"

"Yes, very pretty, indeed. Ah, doctor, you are a sly old fox."

"Am I? Take care, young man, that the cunning of the fox does not prove too much for you."

"Come now, tell us who your mash is?" and he attempted to lock arms with the disguised young juggler. The next moment he received a shock that raised the hair on his head, and nearly jarred all his teeth out.

"Ha, ha, ha! young man, keep your distance," he chuckled. "Don't try to be too familiar with your betters."

"Better!" gasped Guthman, astonished at what he considered the impudence of a pauper. "Better!"

"Yes, better, young man. Do you know the meaning of the word?"

"Ha, ha! doctor, you are in a jolly humor to-day," said Guthman, determined not to do anything that would spoil his game.

"She is a deuced nice-looking girl," said Tim, "and does credit to your taste, doctor. Of course you'll give a fellow an introduction."

"I don't even know her name, my good sir," he said, shaking his head.

"Of course you'll meet her again and get her address?"

"Don't know—don't know. I gave her the flower because I liked her looks of virtuous innocence."

Just then a female scream startled them, and wheeling around they beheld a man dashing toward them, pursued by an excited woman screaming:

"Stop him! He's a pickpocket!"

Wally Guthman met the thief, and the quick eye of the disguised juggler detected the transfer of a pocketbook. He instantly touched the thief and chained him to the spot.

The man was dumfounded. He could not move a muscle. The mysterious spell of the juggler was upon him.

The lady whose pocket had been picked rushed up and seized the thief, screaming:

"Police—police!" at the top of her voice.

The thief stood staring at vacancy, unable to speak or move. A great crowd instantly gathered.

"He stole my pocketbook—I saw him snatch it and run!" cried the excited lady, still clinging desperately to him.

A policeman rushed up.

"He has my pocketbook!" the lady cried again.

"Did you see him take it, ma'am?" the officer asked.

"Yes."

"Then come with me to the station-house and make complaint against him—come along, sir." And the guardian of the city's peace took hold of the thief's collar, and pulled him forward.

To his surprise, the man simply fell forward against him and fainted.

"Here, here, hold yourself up!" cried the officer, pushing him back and shaking his club over his head. "Come along, and let the law take its course."

"Good heavens, doctor!" exclaimed Guthman, in an undertone, "what have you done? That fellow is a friend of mine!"

"And I am a friend of the lady," was the quiet reply.

"But he has not got her purse."

"I know that very well," he said. "But he took it from her. A man who will rob a woman ought to be hanged!"

The crowd surged around the officer and his prisoner, terribly excited over the robbery.

Wally sprang forward and said:

"Madame, here is a pocketbook you dropped."

She snatched it from his hand, exclaiming:

"Yes, this is my pocketbook."

"See if your money is in it, ma'am," suggested the officer. She did so.

"Yes, it's all here. I am sure I saw that man grab it and run."

"And I am equally positive I saw you drop it, madame," said Wally.

"You've got your money all right, have you?" the policeman asked again.

"Oh, yes, it's all here, sir."

"Then you may go—move on—move on!" and he released the prisoner and attempted to disperse the crowd.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE COMPACT.

But the prisoner could not move on. He stood stock still and speechless where he was, and the policeman began to be puzzled over his strange appearance.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow?" he asked, looking the thief in the eyes. "Guess I'd better run you in and have you sent to the hospital."

"Doctor," pleaded Guthman, turning to the old man with the long nose, "release him and make me your friend for life."

The doctor walked up and took the man by the hand and said:

"Come with me," and gave him a gentle pull, while waving the other hand before him.

The man quietly followed him away, to the astonishment of the policeman, who muttered:

"The bloke is playing a game. Wish I had clubbed him just once."

Wally took the arm of the thief in his, and said:

"Thank you, doctor. I'll take care of him now," and started to lead him off up a cross street.

"Wally," said the thief, "who is that man?"

"An old doctor—a friend of mine," was the reply. "Come on, let's get away from the crowd."

"Why, Wally, he's the devil!" exclaimed the thief. "He just touched me, and I was speechless and stiff as a board in a minute."

"I know that, but he didn't know you were a friend of mine. I got him to release you. Come on and I will tell you all about him," and he and Tim pulled him along between them till they got away from the crowd.

Passing through several streets, they wended their way to a certain underground saloon, where they were shown to a back room behind the bar. In that room they found two other men, who greeted them as friends.

"Now, who is that old man?" the thief demanded. "If he isn't the old Nick himself I'll soon send him to the old Nick's plantation."

"No," said Wally, "we are trying to use him for the pur-

pose of getting rid of a dangerous enemy. He didn't know you were one of us."

"Well, he made me lose the game."

"Yes, but that was one of the many slips we meet with, you know," remarked Guthman. "We cannot always expect perfect success."

"That's very good philosophy, but mighty poor consolation," replied the thief, shaking his head.

Tim and Wally then explained all about the young juggler and the old doctor, as the reader understands it, and the five thieves then held a whispered conversation over the affair.

On finding himself free from the thieves, Jack the Juggler went up to his room in the hotel and put on his juggler's suit. In this he descended to the street again, and went about from saloon to saloon performing his wonderful feats of jugglery, and receiving liberal contributions from delighted spectators.

Some three or four hours after he started out, Wally, Tim, and another thief entered the saloon where he was performing.

On perceiving Tim he sprang up and glared at him, as though in utter amazement at seeing him there. Tim was himself uneasy at the unexpected meeting, and was about to leave the saloon, when Jack the Juggler sprang forward and got between him and the door.

"Tell me," he cried, "who broke that spell on you? Who defied my power?"

"Keep away—keep away!" cried Tim, greatly excited, and drawing a revolver. "Don't come any nearer, or I'll shoot!"

"Police—police!" cried a frightened spectator, and the crowd at once began to disperse, fearing trouble.

"Tell me who defied my power?" again demanded Jack, and in more determined tones.

"It was an old doctor, who was brought to the hotel where he was," said Wally.

"I must see him—I must see him!" exclaimed the young juggler. "One of us must yield to the other."

"He has been looking for you ever since he broke the spell on him," remarked Wally. "He is stopping at the same hotel that you are, in room No. —, on the same floor."

"Thank you. I forgive you all. I will catch him when he sleeps," and with that he hurried out of the saloon.

"I have excited them to a high pitch," he muttered, as he walked briskly along the street, "and they will go for the old doctor now, and put him on his guard against me. But I want to know what they wanted of that young lady over the river? That's what troubles me, and I'll soon find out."

He hurried back to the hotel, changed his clothes, and turned out the old long-nosed doctor again. Going to the room assigned him as Dr. Le Fere, he dropped in the capacious armchair which had been provided for him.

Ere he had been five minutes seated there he heard rapid walking in the hall, and the next moment a sharp rap on the door followed.

"Come in!"

The door opened, and Wally and Tim entered.

"Doctor!" said Guthman, still under considerable excitement. "I've seen that young juggler, and he is going to destroy you in your sleep!"

"Indeed, and how do you know that?" the doctor asked.

"I heard him say so. He was greatly excited when he saw my friend here, and wanted to know who had defied his power. I told him that you had."

"And he said he would destroy me in my sleep?" the old doctor asked.

"Not exactly that. He said that he would 'catch' you when you slept."

"That means the same thing. I will be prepared for him. Don't be uneasy. He will be utterly destroyed himself if he undertakes to use his power against mine," and the confident air reassured Guthman and his chum.

"I am glad you are sure of your power," added Guthman, "for I was uneasy about the young devil."

"Well, you need not be. And now, since he has declared war, I am with you heart and soul in any enterprise you may undertake, be it good or bad."

"Good!" exclaimed Wally. "That's the way I like to hear a man talk. Give me your hand on that, doctor," and Wally extended his thieving palm toward the doctor, who grasped it with well-feigned cordiality.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

The two men shook hands long and warmly, and Wally exclaimed:

"Now we've got a dead sure thing in our hands, doctor."

"I am glad to hear it. I am with you in anything you may undertake. If you want to rob the entire city I will paralyze every man who interferes with you. Be sure and get me a chance to destroy that evil genius who has declared war against me. That is all I want."

"I'll watch for him, and when he sleeps soundly in his bed I'll open his door with a skeleton key."

"Yes—yes, that's the thing. You have skeleton keys, have you?"

"Yes, and can open any door-lock in this city with them."

"Well, listen well for him to-night. I think it best to let him alone on the street, and wait till we can catch him asleep. To be found dead in his bed without a bruise on him would deceive even the best physician."

"You are right, doctor; we'll bide our time," and then they left the room to go into that of Guthman's.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled the juggler, "they won't trouble me any more now. They think they have a powerful enemy after me who will sweep me out of existence. Ha, ha, ha! I'll sweep the whole gang into the state prison! There, they are going out now. I'll wait till night, and then go out and perform for money, and keep my eyes open for some clew to my lost sister."

When night came he went to his own room, when no one was about to watch his movements, and put on his juggler's suit, in which he went down to the street and over to the restaurant where he took his meals.

After eating a hearty supper, he went out among the saloons again, and created quite a sensation among the crowds that frequented them by his extraordinary performances. They had never seen such things before.

A pretty little German girl asked him for a flower, and he immediately caused a rosebush to grow out of the center of the table, and told her to pick all the flowers she wanted. The delighted little maiden plucked a handful and ran to her mother with them. He then caused the rosebush to disappear, to the admiration of the crowd, which contributed liberally to his hat as he passed around among them.

After visiting some half dozen saloons, he found it past the hour of midnight, and started for the Bowery.

Two gutter thieves had been following from several places for the purpose of robbing him as he started home with his gains for the evening. They marched boldly up to him as he

passed under the shadow of a house just before reaching the Bowery, seized him on either side, and hissed:

"Shell out or we'll choke the life out of yer!"

The attack was both sudden and unexpected, and for a moment he was confused. But in another moment he said:

"Yes—of course I will—there!" and he gave them both an electric shock that fairly made them rattle in their clothes.

They staggered back like drunken men.

The young juggler followed them up and touched them repeatedly with his finger, giving them a harder shock each time.

It was more than human nature could endure, and they yelled:

"Murder—help! Mercy—mercy!"

The young juggler turned and walked away, as the few people who were out at that late hour came running up in response to the cries they had heard.

"Who called? What's the trouble here?"

But nobody knew. The two demoralized thieves were as dumb as oysters, and would not utter a word.

Of course, they would not give themselves away by telling what had occurred, and so they walked away wiser than they were ten minutes before.

The young juggler went home to his hotel and counted up his enemy—after having slipped into the room assigned him as the old doctor.

He had not gotten well in bed ere he heard a soft tapping on his room door.

He opened it, and saw Wally Guthman standing there.

"Doctor," he whispered, "I think he is in his room now."

"Well, when you think he is sleeping soundly let me know, and I am ready at any time."

Wally went back to his room and waited an hour. He then returned and whispered:

"Come, doctor."

The old doctor followed him softly to the young juggler's door, and Wally opened it with his skeleton keys.

The old man crept in on tiptoe and went up to the bed, followed by both Wally and Tim.

"Why, nobody is here," the old man said, in a disappointed tone.

Sure enough, no one had been in the bed. Wally was disgusted, and at once returned to his room, swearing like a pirate.

The young juggler returned to the supposed old doctor's room and went to bed for the night.

The next morning before breakfast Guthman was in his room.

"He did not come in during the night," he said. "He must suspect something."

"I don't know; I am very anxious to see him. We must not be in too great a hurry, however. Let us meet as if by accident."

"But we want to get to business," said Wally, "and the young imp may come up and turn us all over to the police."

"Oh, I will go along and protect you all, if necessary. I can tie up the whole police force if they were to attack you."

"Just the thing, doctor. Give us your flipper on that. By George, you're a brick!" and he grasped our hero's hand in delight. "I know a bank we can overhaul if we are protected, as well as certain other places, where we can lug off more gold than we have ever seen before in all our lives."

"You do? Then get every man of your gang together, and let's consult about it, and see if we can do it."

"Of course. We've got a place of meeting where we have lunch and liquor every night. I'll see the boys to-day and take you there to-night."

"I shall be ready to go at any time."

Wally left to go to his own room, and the old doctor prepared to go downstairs to breakfast.

During the day he went out again as the young juggler, and gave many performances on the street, which paid him well, for such performances were amazing to the spectators. They had never seen anything like it before. Many very wealthy families invited him into their parlors and had him perform there, for which they paid him far beyond his expectations.

He returned late in the afternoon, and assumed the character of the old doctor again, holding himself in readiness to accompany Guthman and Lane to the meeting of the burglar's gang.

Guthman met him in the office of the hotel, and whispered:

"It's all right. We meet at midnight."

"Good!" he responded, and then they shook hands. "I saw the young juggler to-day on the streets."

"Did you speak to him?"

"No—but I watched his juggling closely. He is overfull of it—comes from the southern Hindoo school of jugglers—very powerful and very dangerous."

"You are sure of being able to overcome him?"

"Oh, yes; easily."

Midnight came, and with it our hero went out on the street, accompanied by Wally Guthman, and strolled up a narrow street that ran east from the Bowery. Two blocks away they met a stalwart policeman who was eyeing suspiciously every man who passed.

"By George!" exclaimed Wally, "this won't do! That cop will have a raid down on us if we don't get him out of the way. He means mischief. I never saw one stationed on that corner before."

"Shall I go up and silence him?" the little old doctor asked.

"Yes, and I'll carry him into the old brewery on the block below, and leave him there till we are through with our meeting."

They both crossed over, and approached the officer, who scowled menacingly at Guthman as he came up.

"You're off your beat, officer," said the old doctor.

"The deuce!" exclaimed the astonished officer, glaring down at the little old man. "Maybe you run the force?"

"Yes, I do, sometimes," and with that he touched him with one hand, and waved the other quickly before his face. In an instant he was rigid and speechless.

"Now take him down to the brewery," he said to Guthman.

Guthman took him on his shoulder as he would a log, and ran toward the deserted old brewery with him.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOINING THE THIEVES.

Wally Guthman was a very muscular man, but the policeman he carried like a log on his shoulder was also very heavy. When about half-way down the block, he was forced to stand him on his feet, and rest himself a few minutes.

A stout laboring man met him, and asked:

"Halloo! what ails the cop?"

"Don't bother," said Wally, desperately. "He said I couldn't carry him around the block. Go to the other corner and see me come around with him. I don't want to gather a crowd," and taking him up, he started off again.

The laboring man was either suspicious of foul play, or else had the curiosity of Mother Eve. He followed almost alongside of Wally.

The little old doctor saw him, and ran up to him, saying: "You'd better stop where you are, sir."

"Oh, you're running this thing, eh?" the laborer replied. "Perhaps you'll make me stop?"

"Of course I will—stop!"

And he touched him with the forefinger of his right hand, and he did stop.

Wally went on with the policeman, knowing that the little old doctor would attend to the laborer, and keep him out of the way.

The doctor then went back to the corner to wait for the return of Guthman. He did not have long to wait, for Guthman came down on the other street, having gone around the block after leaving the policeman in the old brewery.

"Did you leave him all right?" he asked of Wally, as he came up.

"Yes; leaned him up in a corner where he would be comfortable. Now, come on."

"But that man I stopped out there—is it wise to leave him standing there on the sidewalk?"

"I don't know. If you turn him loose he'll make such a row about the trick played on him as to endanger the secrecy of our meeting."

"Well, if the police find him there they'll make just as much fuss, won't they?"

"Yes—blast his picture! I've got to carry him down to the brewery, too," and with that he marched down to where the man was standing, took him on his shoulder, and staggered away toward the old brewery with him.

He was even heavier than the policeman, and was almost too much for him to carry.

But he managed to get him into the old building, and there left him to keep company with the silent knight of the looust.

"Now, come on," he said, on his return. "I don't want any more such work to do to-night. We are late now."

The little old doctor turned and followed him to the middle of the block running east, and entered an ordinary looking saloon.

Wally advanced to a man who was standing at the end of the counter, whispered something to him the little old doctor could not catch, and passed on. The doctor followed, and in a few moments found himself being led along a dark corridor which was so dark he could not see an inch before his nose. The corridor seemed of interminable length, but they reached the end at last by striking against a door, which opened only in response to certain signals given and received.

Then they descended a long flight of stairs, landing in another dark corridor, along which they treaded, as they did the upper one.

"There's the door," whispered Wally, as they stopped and listened.

They could hear the confused sound of voices inside.

Wally gave signal raps, which were answered from within, returned and answered again, at which the door opened and they entered.

Around a table in the center of a well-lighted room they found half a score of men, well-dressed and of desperate character, so far as faces could indicate.

"You're late, Wally," said one of the party at the table.

"We were at good time," Wally replied, "but we had to stop a cop, and carry him down to the old brewery and throw him in there till after we——"

"Oh, the law!" exclaimed one of the men. "What did you do that for? I don't see how it will make trouble for us all?"

"No. He was standing there looking as if he was waiting for some of our men to come along. We can turn him loose when we get out, and then——"

"Turn him loose!" gasped the first speaker. "What the deuce do you mean? How can you turn a dead man loose?"

"Dead man? Who said he was a dead man?"

"You did."

"Lord bless you, no!"

"You said you had to 'stiffen' him, and we all know that a 'stiff' is a cold corpse."

"Jimmy, my son," said Wally, smiling all over his face, "you are so behind the age that I forgive you. We have a way of stiffening a man nowadays, and releasing him when the necessity for it no longer exists."

"Oh, what are you giving us?" chorused the entire party.

"Will one of you please stand up and shake hands with Dr. Le Fere, our new member?" Wally asked.

"Yes, glad to know you, doctor," replied the one nearest to the juggler, rising and extending his hand toward him.

"Stiffen him up, doctor," whispered Wally to the disguised juggler.

The little old doctor shook hands with him, waved the other toward him, and the next moment the man was as rigid as a marble statue.

"Will some of you now see if Ned isn't a stiff?" Wally asked.

Every man sprang to his feet, and caught hold of their comrade.

They found him as stiff as a corpse, and his eyes staring as if confronted by a ghost.

"No one could move him now," said Wally, laughing, "unless he took him on his shoulder as I did the cop," and in order to show them how stiff he was he took the man on his shoulder, and walked around the room with him.

"But what the deuce is the matter with him?" demanded one of the party.

"Oh, he is mesmerized by the mysterious power possessed by Doctor Le Fere," said Wally. "He can shake hands with the officer who arrests him, and then walk off with the swag."

The others laughed, and examined their mesmerized comrade with the greatest interest imaginable.

"Now let's see you release him, doctor."

The little old doctor took the man's hand in his, and waved the other toward him. In another moment the victim gave a start, and walked away, looking as much surprised as anyone in the party.

"Now take a seat, doctor," said Guthman, motioning him toward a chair at the table.

The doctor quietly seated himself, and looked around at the desperate villains.

Guthman then told them of the great service the doctor could be to them in paralyzing every officer who attempted to arrest them on occasions of big hauls, or when pursued, as the doctor could assume disguises of every kind, and thus render his own detection an utter impossibility, adding:

"I now propose Doctor Le Fere for membership."

He was unanimously elected, and the signs and passwords were given him.

"Now, doctor," said Guthman, taking him by the hand, "you are a member of our band. In a week from now we can all be rich men, for I have three heavy jobs in my mind's eye in which you can keep the coast clear for us. Let's have some wine, and then you can give us some of your best tricks of jugglery."

CHAPTER XVII.

JUGGLING THE THIEVES.

The wine was brought and placed upon the table, together with a glass before each man. The corks were drawn, and

each man took his bottle in his hand, except the little old doctor.

"You don't drink, doctor?" one asked.

"No; I never touch anything that can intoxicate," he replied.

"Oh, well, we'll drink your health, then, doctor."

The doctor waved his hand toward them, and remained silent.

They turned up the bottles to pour out the wine. Instead of the sparkling wine they expected to see in their glasses, they saw the head of a serpent protruding from each bottle, and a forked tongue darting menacingly at them.

With a cry of horror every man sprang up and tumbled backward over his chair, some as pale as death, and others trembling from head to foot.

"My eye!" gasped one of the men. "Did you see that?"

"See what?" the doctor asked.

"The snakes! One of them run his head out of my bottle."

The doctor shook his head, muttering:

"Jim-jams—no snakes in the bottle, I guess."

"I saw one in mine!" cried another.

"So did I!"

"And I!" echoed the entire party.

"Tut—tut, gentlemen, nonsense," said the doctor, laughing, and taking up one of the bottles, he poured a glass half full of delicious-looking red wine from it. "I don't see any snakes in this."

"Oh, the blazes, doctor!" exclaimed Wally, "that was one of your jokes. Hanged if you didn't give me a chill."

"And me, too," said another, "for if there is anything I hate, it is a snake."

"Didn't you say you wanted to see some of my jugglery?"

"Yes, but we didn't want to drink snakes," and the party laughed heartily.

"Take your seats—the snakes are gone," said the doctor, waving his hand over the table, and muttering Hindostanee.

"Can we drink now?"

"Of course, if you wish."

They seized the bottles again, and turned them up.

Every glass was instantly filled with fresh milk.

"Ugh!" a disgusted thief ejaculated, pushing himself away from the table. "Who wants milk?"

"Milk is good, and very nourishing," said the doctor, filling a glass, and drinking it. "As a physician, I can recommend this kind of wine."

"I'll take a glass with you, anyhow, doctor," said Wally, taking up his glass, and tossing it off with considerable zest, "though I hope you will let us have something stronger after a while."

"Of course—wine comes after milk."

"Is that so?"

"Yes—try your bottle now."

Wally did so, and sparkling wine danced in his glass.

"Ah, this is good, pals," he exclaimed, as he sipped it.

Every man seized his bottle, but they got nothing but milk. They were a disgusted set.

"The wine will come after milk," remarked the doctor.

"But I don't drink milk," said one of the thieves.

"Then you don't drink any wine, for wine comes after milk."

The disgusted men drank the milk in silence, and then filled their glasses with wine from the same bottles, and drank with gusto the best wine they ever tasted.

When they put the bottles back on the table, the bottles began to dance about in the queerest manner, bowing to each other, and waltzing all around the edge of the table.

The delighted thieves roared with merriment, declaring that it beat anything they had ever heard of.

When the bottles had danced a few minutes or so, they suddenly stopped and remained as quiet and orderly as all good bottles should.

Suddenly, as the men were looking on, they saw a frog crawl up out of each bottle, perch upon each mouth and croak. Somebody moved, and each frog took wings as birds do, and flew away, disappearing from sight altogether.

"That beats all I ever——"

"Silence!" commanded the juggler.

The bottles next moved and huddled together. A small sprig sprouted up from the center one, and grew rapidly up to a large-sized rosebush. The birds came back, leaped from limb to limb, sang sweetly, and fed on the flowers as they budded.

The rosebush finally began to dwindle and go down. The birds hopped off to the bottles, and when the bush had disappeared entirely, the birds suddenly turned into frogs again, and dived down into the bottles.

"Help yourselves to wine again, gentlemen," said the juggler.

They filled their glasses and drank a wine quite different from the first.

Placing the bottles back on the table, they quietly waited for the next wonder.

The bottles again engaged in a dance, during which they shot off miniature skyrockets, and then settled down quietly again.

The old doctor then took a couple of hats, placed one on the floor, and tossed the other on top of it. Instantly they turned into two belligerent tomcats, and went at each other in regular Kilkenny style. Such a cat-fight they had never before seen, and every man sprang up to get a look at them.

When they had fought a couple of minutes, the juggler waved his hand toward them, spoke in Hindostanee, and they quieted down into two harmless hats again.

"That man is Satan!" whispered one of the gang to Wally Guthman.

"I think so sometimes myself," said Wally, "and think it wise to have Satan on our side."

The juggler next took up a hat, and took from it a small bouquet for each man present. These he distributed, and then told them to put them in the buttonholes of their coats. They did so, and seated themselves at the table again.

The little bouquets suddenly commenced growing, and in a few minutes were so large as to burst the buttonholes and fall to the floor.

A motion of the juggler's hand caused them to disappear.

"Now join hands around the table, gentlemen," he said, and they did so.

"All hands joined?" he asked.

"Yes," came from all of them.

He leaned forward, as if summoning strength for a mighty effort, and gasped:

"Goola!" and instantly every man was knocked heels over head backwards on the floor.

"Oh, Lord, I'm broke all to pieces!" cried one of them, scrambling to a sitting posture.

"I'm broken all up!"

"Was it lightning?"

"I don't want no more of that!"

"Darn sich jugglery; no more for me!"

"Blast yer old hide, I'm knocked all in a lump!"

Various other comments greeted the juggler, and the astonished thieves slowly arose to their feet again.

"I wanted to show you," said the juggler, a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Don't show me any more, please," said Wally. "That's twice you've played me that trick, doctor," and he seated himself in his chair to rub and pull himself together again.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DEMORALIZED OFFICER.

It took them nearly ten minutes to get over the shock they had received, and then not until they had drank up all the wine that was left in the bottles.

Wally Guthman was the first man to break the silence.

"You see what the doctor can do, pals," he said. "He can stop and silence any number of men whenever he pleases. He can stand and watch while we go in and gather the swag. We'll try the — bank on Thursday night. They've a cart load of money there."

"But how about the young juggler who stopped you the other night?" one of the party asked.

"The doctor says he can destroy him by a single wave of the hand," replied Guthman.

"Can you, doctor?" another asked, turning suddenly to the juggler.

"Yes," was the reply.

"All right, then," and a murmur of satisfaction went around the table.

They then adjourned, going out one at a time, except the doctor, who went out with Guthman when his time came.

Out on the street the cool night air made him shiver for a few moments. But he soon recovered his warmth.

"Now we must release that policeman and laboring man," he said to Wally.

"Yes, but I'll have to clear out."

"Why?"

"He knows me, and can arrest me to-morrow for helping you."

"That's so. Well, you go back to the hotel, and wait for me. I'll fix him so you will not hear from him again, I guess."

"Lead him down to the dock and chuck him in," suggested Guthman.

"I have a better way than that," said the juggler, shaking his head.

"What is it?"

"Just leave it with me, and we'll be guilty of no crime, as well as forever silencing him."

"All right. You'll find them both standing up in the right-hand corner as you go in," and with that the Bowery thief and sport left the juggler, and wended his way to the hotel where he made his home.

The disguised juggler then went down toward the old brewery, which he entered cautiously, struck a match, and looked around for the laboring man. He found him leaning up against the policeman in a corner.

Going up to him, he said:

"You had better get away from here as fast as you can, or your life won't be worth two cents ten minutes from now," and waving his hand over him, released him from the spell that had bound him as in an iron case.

No sooner did the man feel himself free than he gave a bound and fled like a deer, not even looking back to see if he was followed.

The juggler then turned to the policeman, and said:

"I did this to keep you from interfering in my plan to cap-

ture a gang of thieves. I will now release you and go with you to the station-house."

He released him.

The officer started for the door on a run. The juggler kept up with him, saying:

"Don't be in such a hurry. I want to go with you."

"Off—off—away! you're the old Nick himself!" yelled the demoralized officer, trying to keep as far away from him as possible.

"Don't be a fool!" said Archie, turning toward the officer. "I won't hurt you, and——"

Bang—bang—bang!

The officer had drawn his revolver and fired at him, running backwards as he did so.

He was so excited—frightened almost out of his boots—that he could not have hit the old brewery had he tried.

In moving backwards he struck his heel against the curbing, and fell flat on his back, but he continued firing in the air, and yelling:

"Murder—murder!"

"The confounded fool!" exclaimed Archie, "will spoil the whole thing. I will have to tie him up again and go with him to the station-house!" and rushing up to him, made the motion with his hands that stiffened him out again as he lay on the pavement.

"What's the trouble here?" demanded a man, running up, greatly excited.

"Somebody has shot an officer, I guess," replied Archie, the juggler.

Just then two policemen came up and saw the man lying on the sidewalk, with his revolver in his hand.

"Who did this?" one asked.

Nobody knew, and the crowd kept increasing, late as it was. They examined the prostrate officer, saw that he was alive, and at once sent for a hospital ambulance.

It came after considerable delay, and he was carried, first to the station-house, and then to the hospital, where the surgeons took charge of him.

They examined him from head to foot, and never found a bruise on him. Their astonishment was unbounded. They had never seen such a case before, and knew not what to do.

Daylight came, and found Archie, still disguised as the old doctor, asleep in his bed at the hotel on the Bowery.

He was awakened by someone knocking on his door. Opening it, he found Guthman there.

"What did you do with him, doctor?" he asked, as he entered the room.

The doctor related what had occurred.

"Hang it!" exclaimed Guthman, turning pale. "The case will attract the attention of everybody in the city. The papers will print columns about it, and that laboring man will tell his story. Oh, there'll be the devil to pay, doctor!"

"Well, I don't see how it could have been managed otherwise. I can let him die, and nobody will be the wiser for it."

"Do it—let him die. I shall have to get up a disguise now, as that laboring man will set the police on my trail."

"I think I can manage the whole thing in a couple of hours," said the doctor. "Just wait here till I come back. A new idea has just struck me," and the juggler dressed himself as fast as he could, and hurried out of the hotel.

"I don't want but two or three more days to gather in that precious gang, and I must arrange to do it," he muttered to himself, as he went across the street into the little restaurant where he generally took his meals.

During a brief meal, he went out in search of the police station near which the old deserted brewery stood. After nearly an hour spent in the search, he found it, and went in.

"What do you want?" the sergeant in charge asked.

"I want to see the captain," he replied.

"He is not in."

"Send for him, then."

"What do you want with him?" the sergeant asked, somewhat puzzled over the style of the little old man before him.

"Important business," he said.

"What kind of business? The captain has no time to fool away."

"Business connected with the trouble last night down by the old brewery. I know all about it, but won't say a word except to the captain himself."

The sergeant sent immediately for the captain, who came at once.

"Well, what have you got to say to me?" he asked of our hero.

"Much, but it must be in private."

"Come into my office then," and the captain led him into his private office, and closed the door.

"First, captain, give me your word of honor that you will not give anything away I tell you," he said, as he faced the officer.

"So far as my duty will allow me, I will," was the response.

"Very well; that is enough. Now, how old do you think I am?"

"I should judge you to be at least sixty years old."

"Do I look so old as that?"

"Yes, I should say you were fully that old. But what has —"

"Look at those figures up there," said the juggler, suddenly pointing to the wall over and back of the captain's head.

The captain turned to look up, and Archie quickly removed his long nose and the wig.

"I don't see any—What the deuce does this mean, anyhow?" demanded the astonished captain, on seeing the change that had taken place in his appearance.

"I will give it to you straight now, captain, if you will let me. I am the young juggler who has been performing around the streets of the city for the last few weeks," and then he told the story of Guthman and his gang of burglars, and of his joining them for the purpose of capturing the whole crowd, just as the reader has already read it.

The captain was astounded.

He could scarcely believe his ears.

"What guarantee of good faith can you give me?" he asked, still suspicious of the youth before him.

"My actions should be enough for that," he said. "I will restore the officer now at the hospital, and trust you to keep his mouth shut until we can capture the whole gang."

"But how do I know you can do these things?"

Archie waved his hand before the captain's face, touched him with a finger at the same time, and instantly the officer was as rigid as the Egyptian obelisk.

CHAPTER XIX.

SHOWING HIS HAND.

The captain stared helplessly at him, and in another minute Jack released him.

"How do you do it?" the captain asked. "I never believed in such things before."

"Ah, I didn't come here to teach you my art," he shrewdly replied. "I came to tell you my story, and to restore the officer now in the hospital. Can you send for him?"

"No. He is in the hands of the surgeons, and they will not let him go as long as he is rigid and speechless."

"Then I will go there and restore him," said Jack, "for it is not right that he should lie there and be tortured by those pig-headed surgeons."

"You are right. I will go with you," said the captain.

"You promise that you will let me have my own way about this thing?" the juggler asked.

"Yes—yes, I will trust you," answered the captain, preparing to leave the station-house with him.

"Thank you," said Jack, as they passed out together. "You will never regret that."

They entered a street-car and rode out to the hospital.

The captain led the way into the office of the chief surgeon, and said:

"Doctor, I want to see the officer under your charge—the one who is rigid and speechless."

"Yes—show him to the ward, doctor," the chief said, turning to one of his assistants, who very promptly led the way to the ward where he lay.

They found him lying rigid as marble and speechless as when he was first brought in.

"How is he?" the captain asked.

"No better," was the reply.

"What's the trouble?"

"Don't know, to tell the truth. We have tried powerful electric shocks on him, but it does no good. Never knew nor read of just such another case."

"Will you let me look at him?" Jack asked.

"Oh, yes, of course."

Jack went up to the cot on which he was lying, and bent over the mesmerized officer's head, whispering in his ear:

"I am going to release you on condition that you get up, say nothing to anybody about it, and go back to the station. The captain is posted," and with that he made a few rapid passes over him with his hands.

In another moment the officer turned over, rolled off the bed, got upon his feet, and stared around at the captain and assistant surgeon.

"Great pills!" cried the young doctor, his eyes almost popping out of his head. "What does this mean!"

The officer, turning to his captain, saluted him, saying:

"I am ready for duty, captain."

"Go to the station and wait till I return," said the captain.

"But see here!" said the surgeon, "you must be pronounced cured before you can leave here."

"Well, can't you see I am cured?" said the officer, looking him hard in the face.

"I don't know," stammered the young doctor.

"Well, I know if you don't," replied the officer, walking past him, and making for the street.

The young doctor was astounded. He turned to Jack and exclaimed:

"I don't understand this. Who are you, sir?"

"Oh, I'm nobody," replied Jack. "I came in with the captain to tell the officer something for his good."

"What did you tell him?"

Jack glanced up at the excited young doctor, and smiled. The captain also smiled, and the doctor glared fiercely.

"What do you mean, sir?" he demanded, growing red in the face.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Jack. "You seem to be excited about something."

Turning to the police captain, the young doctor said:

"You must come into the head surgeon's office and explain this matter to him, sir."

"Yes, of course. He must have some kind of an explanation."

The doctor led the way, and the captain and Jack followed. But when they crossed the corridor that led to the front door Jack nimbly ran forward and disappeared through the front entrance without being noticed.

To rush to the street and jump upon a passing street car was the work of a moment only, and in a few minutes he was several blocks away from the hospital.

In the chief surgeon's office the young doctor excitedly related what had occurred, and turned to present Jack, and missed him.

"Why, where is he?" he exclaimed.

"Gone!" exclaimed the captain, looking out into the hall.

"Where to?"

"Hanged if I know—he's vanished somehow."

"Well, you're a pretty officer, ain't you?" sneered the young doctor.

"I had no occasion to watch him—no right to detain him," returned the captain, "particularly as he seemed to be the only real medical man in the room."

"What do you mean, captain?" the chief asked.

"Oh, nothing, doctor, except to retort on this young man."

"Well, can you tell me who this young man is who got that officer on his feet?"

"I only know what he has told me," replied the captain. "He says he is Jack the Juggler, and that he put the officer under a mesmeric spell last night in order to keep from being clubbed to death."

The chief surgeon was astonished, though he was too well informed as to mesmeric power to doubt a word of the story. But a minute or two afterwards he commenced laughing, and laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"That is the best thing I ever heard in all my life," he said. "The officer must have done some terrible swearing—inside. Well, well, that's the best joke on a policeman I ever heard. Mesmerized him! Ha, ha, ha!"

"See here, doctor," said the captain, "I want this thing kept quiet till certain developments are made, or else some very bad men will escape. Just wait a week before you let the laugh out."

"Of course, if you request it," said the chief. "But isn't it a good joke on the officer?"

"Yes, splendid," replied the captain. "But isn't the best part of the joke on you doctors who have been treating a mesmerized man for all the ills that flesh is heir to?"

The doctor looked at the captain a moment, as though the question had surprised him, and then said:

"Yes, you are right. Let's keep it dark; say nothing about it."

"Oh, yes. It's not quite so funny after all, is it, doctor?" and the captain laughed very heartily at the two medical gentlemen, as he shook hands with them and left the hospital.

When he returned to the station he found Jack waiting there for him.

"Halloo! How did you get way?" he asked.

"Gave 'em the slip, of course," was the reply.

"Why did you do that?"

"You don't suppose I was going to explain to those doctors how I do things, do you?"

"Well, you didn't do it, at any rate," replied the captain, smiling good-naturedly. "But you don't mind telling me all about it, do you?"

"I've got a deal to tell you," said Jack, lowering his voice to a whisper, "if you will go into your private room with me."

"Yes; come in," he said, leading the way.

"Please tell your man who was in the hospital to say nothing to anybody till you see him."

The captain sent for the policeman, and cautioned him to say nothing about his adventure with the young juggler until he gave him permission to do so. The man, as in duty bound, promised to keep mum.

Jack then told the captain of the plot of Wally Guthman and his gang to raid the — Bank and clean it out on the following Tuesday night.

"Great racket! Is this true?"

"Yes," replied Jack, "and I am going to capture the whole gang. Disguised as a little old man, whom they know as a tramping doctor, I have joined them and pretended to be as bad as the worst of them. They rely upon me to mesmerize and stand off any officer who attempts to arrest them. But I am going to do the other way, and stop every man of them just as they try to make off with the plunder."

"Young man," said the captain, "if you do that your fortune is made."

"Well, I am going to do it," said Jack, "and I want you to have your men near enough to take charge of them and the plunder at the same time."

"Yes, I will be there myself and see to the whole thing," replied the captain. "I know Guthman well, but haven't had an excuse to snap him up. He always managed to elude justice."

"Tell your men to let me alone on the street for the next three days, as I am playing a game that will help us out."

"Of course. I will tell them to keep away from you."

CHAPTER XX.

MORE JUGGLERY.

When Jack Prescott left the police station he went around through a side street and resumed his disguise as an old man again, after which he wandered about, as though aimless. But he was watching for some of the Guthman gang.

Not finding them, he wandered back to the hotel, where he found Guthman and Tim in the bar-room.

"Halloo, doc," cried Tim, who was nearly half drunk. "Come in and have something."

"Well, if they have got good brandy I will take a small drink," he replied.

The bartender placed a glass and decanter before him. He carelessly took up the decanter, shook it a moment as if to see the bead on it, and then hastily put it down again with the very emphatic remark:

"I don't want any of that!"

"What's the matter?" the barkeeper asked.

Jack pointed to the decanter.

An exclamation of horror went up from half a dozen men who had just taken drinks from the decanter. In the bottom of the splendid cut-glass decanter was coiled a snake nearly a foot in length.

The bartender's eyes stretched to their widest.

"You've poisoned me!" gasped a toper, turning pale.

"I'm a dead man!" exclaimed another, staggering away.

"Blast you, I'll kill you!" cried a third, taking up the decanter and hurling it at the astonished bartender's head.

The bartender dodged it, and it went crashing into a five-hundred dollar mirror back of the bar, breaking it into a thousand pieces, and smashing other decanters and glasses into perfect wrecks.

The melee then commenced. The barkeeper hurled a hat-

chet at his assailant, and was in turn assaulted by three others who believed he had been giving them "snake juice" for brandy.

Of course, Wally suspected that the little old doctor had placed the snake there by some jugglery. He turned to him and whispered:

"You've played thunder now! Come away before they get to shooting," and he led the way to his room upstairs, the doctor following.

"What made you do that, doc," Wally asked, when they were in his room.

"Just for amusement," he replied. "I didn't think they'd fight about it that way."

"Oh, they'll kill a man for giving 'em snake juice to drink," and then he laughed—laughed till he cried.

"What are you laughing at, Wally?" Tim asked, coming in at the moment.

"Oh, that snake!" cried Wally, holding his sides.

"Doc, did you do that?"

The little old man nodded affirmatively.

"Well, they'll murder you if they find it out, sure," said Tim.

"Don't say a word," urged Wally. "Good Lord, how they are going it!"

The row became general. The bar was gutted and the floor literally covered with broken glass. Several were badly hurt. The barkeeper would have been killed but for the police, who rushed in just in time to save him.

Of course, the greatest excitement grew out of the singular case, but the three who could throw light on it remained silent.

That evening Wally and Tim started out to visit some saloons in search of members of the gang of burglars to which they belonged.

Before going they went to the little old doctor's room to take him along with them, but he was not there. He had gone out as the young juggler, to perform for money.

They went to several saloons on the East side, and soon ran across the young juggler in one of them.

"Here's that juggling imp!" hissed Wally to his companion. "Let's see what he is doing?"

"I wish the old doctor was here," muttered Tim.

"Yes; run back to the hotel and see if you can find him," suggested Wally. "Maybe he has returned."

Tim hurried away, and soon reached the hotel. Of course, the little old man was not there.

Wally Guthman had every reason to fear Jack the Juggler, and therefore kept a reasonable distance from him.

"Now, who will hold this rod for me?" Jack asked, holding a black ebony rod a foot long in his hand, looking around at the staring faces.

No one volunteered.

"Ah, Wally, you'll hold it, won't you?" he asked, on seeing Guthman in the crowd. "You've got a good grip, and know —"

"No, blast you!" interrupted Wally, at which there was a general roar.

"Ha, ha, ha! he's afraid!" exclaimed Jack, pleasantly, and then, seeing the landlord's little ten-year-old daughter, said:

"Come here, little girl, and hold it for me, and I'll make you a nice present."

The young girl came forward, took the rod in her hand, and held it steady. Jack uttered something in Hindustani, pressed his hand over the rod, and told her to kiss the end of it.

She did so, and instantly a rosebud began to grow and expand from that end.

The flower grew to a large lily, in the center of which

appeared a bird's nest, with the mother bird and four young ones.

Such sensation as it created!

Everybody crowded forward to get a better view of the wonder.

"Stand back—stand back!" cried Jack, "or you'll get hurt."

They fell back, and Jack made a few passes with his hands over the bouquet. It gradually grew smaller and smaller, until at last it disappeared altogether into the little ebony rod again.

"Oh, it's all gone!" cried the little girl, regretfully.

"Here's something you may have for a present," said Jack, presenting her with an egg a little smaller than an ordinary hen's egg.

The young girl looked at the egg as though she was disappointed, and said:

"Oh, we've got plenty of eggs!"

"You haven't got any of this kind, I guess," said Jack placing the egg in her hand.

"What must I do with it?" she asked.

"Better break it and see what's in it."

She cracked it, and it broke in two halves, and there lay a beautiful canary bird in her hand, tied by a small blue silk ribbon.

"Oh, how sweet!" she cried, holding it up and pressing it to her cheek. "The pretty darling! Can it sing?"

Just then it commenced trilling notes of sweetest melody, to the intense delight of the little maiden, who soon ran off to her mother with it.

Wally was still waiting for Tim's return with the little old doctor. But he waited very patiently, for he was interested in the performance.

Jack gave a little ebony rod to one of the bystanders to look at. Everybody wanted to see and handle it, and so it passed from hand to hand until it reached Wally Guthman's. Then it instantly turned into a serpent, four feet long, and coiled around his arm and neck.

CHAPTER XXI.

RECOGNITION.

A yell of terror burst from Guthman, and the terrified spectators fell over each other in their eagerness to get away from his proximity.

He yelled, shouted, implored and uttered the most horrible imprecations, finally falling to the floor, and rolling over and over like a young bear trying to get rid of bees.

Laughing all over, Jack went up and touched the snake with his hand, and it instantly turned to a black rod again.

Wally arose to his feet with murder in his eye. The whole crowd were laughing at him. He drew his revolver and commenced firing at Jack, the first ball whistling uncomfortably close to the young juggler's head.

Jack was on the point of taking to his heels when the landlord threw a bungstarter at Wally and knocked him down.

They then took his pistol away from him.

Wally went away swearing vengeance against him.

"Better look out for him," said some one in the crowd. "He's a bad 'un."

"Well, I'll paralyze him if he troubles me," said Jack, preparing to go to another saloon.

His collections amounted to something over four dollars at that saloon. He went away satisfied with his performance. Several other saloons were visited, with varying success.

and at midnight he returned to his room and went to bed. Before daylight he got up and went into the other room, which had been given him as the old doctor, and crawled into bed. Wally Guthman found him there some time after sunrise.

"You are never on hand when wanted, doc," said Wally. "What's the matter now?"

"Oh, we wanted you last night and couldn't find you."

"I didn't know you wanted me. Why didn't you tell me before I went out?"

"Didn't know it myself till we found that young juggler in a saloon. We wanted you to see him at his tricks."

"I am sorry you didn't find me. Why didn't you let me know you were going out?"

"Well, we are going out again to-night, and we want you to go with us."

"Very well; you'll find me here whenever you are ready."

They left him and went to their breakfast. He arose, dressed and went out a little late, going as the young juggler.

Some time after he had eaten his breakfast he strolled along Grand street, going toward the East River. Hundreds of women and children were out shopping, and he had high hopes of seeing the face of his long-lost sister Eva. Her young face was vividly photographed on his mind, so he believed he would know it on sight.

He had walked at least halfway to the river when he met the young girl to whom he had given the little bouquet.

She recognized him with a smile, and extending her hand, said:

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you. I'm ever so much obliged to you for that bouquet you sent me by that kind old man. I've got it yet."

"Thanks," said Jack. "I'm glad you like flowers."

"Oh, I love them ever so much," she replied. "Oh, do you know, two men came to our house that day the old gentleman gave me the flowers, and asked me all sorts of questions about him."

"They did?"

"Yes, and I wouldn't tell them anything."

"You did right. He is a friend of mine."

"I knew that, and that is why I wouldn't tell them anything. I am going to buy some silk thread for the lady I live with."

"You will let me walk with you?" he asked.

"Yes, of course," and they walked along together.

"You are an orphan, my old friend told me."

"Yes; my parents and only brother were lost in a storm at sea off the coast of India, and——"

"Heavens!" cried Jack, starting as if stung. "Eva—Eva! Sister Eva!"

She stared at him in consternation.

"That's my name!" she cried. "Eva Prescott!"

"And I am Archie J. Prescott! I was saved, too!" he cried.

With a glad cry they rushed into each other's arms.

Her friends gathered around them, and soon the news spread of a long-lost brother and sister meeting in the streets.

"Come home with me, brother," she said. "I'll show you mother's portrait."

"I have it, too," he said, producing a small gold locket in which were the faces of his parents.

She recognized them and had no more doubts. She led the way back home, Jack telling her how he was saved by the Hindu juggler and taught the mysteries of his art and power; how he escaped at last, made his way to Calcutta and then Bombay, where he learned that she had been saved and sent to New York.

"I came here to look for you, sister," he said, tenderly, "finding my way by performing in the streets and public places.

And I have found you at last. Oh, I will make a fortune for both of us by my art of mysterious jugglery."

"And I have been reared by a kind lady who is now very old," said Eva. "I was a shop girl for two years, but had to give it up on account of my health."

"Then she shall not want for anything as long as I live."

They reached the river and crossed to the other side. As they were leaving the ferryboat Jack saw Wally Guthman on the other side watching him. Instantly his eyes flashed fire, and for a moment he was disposed to rush forward and exert his mighty mesmeric power on him.

But he refrained and went up the street with Eva, Wally following at a distance.

They reached the house, and Eva conducted her long-lost brother into the presence of her kind old friend.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHASING THE CHASER.

"I won't call you Jack," said Eva, after looking at him a long time. "You are the image of poor dear papa. I will call you Archie."

"Call me brother," he suggested. "I like that better."

"Yes—yes, dear brother. Oh, it seems so like a dream. And to think we had met several times without knowing each other!"

"Yes; but the first time I saw you something drew me to you. I could not help thinking of you all the time. I always believed I would find you some time."

Then they talked over the past together for several hours, each telling of their adventures since that memorable wreck on the coast of India.

Archie had many things to relate, astonishing the venerable old lady by some of his wonderful stories.

"I am going to make a fortune for us, and you shall share our home with us," he said, addressing the old lady. "Here are ten dollars, sister, which you can use. I can make that much every day. You must remain here, and I will come and see you every day, and leave my money with you. You must promise me that you will not try to come to me even if anyone comes for you, as I shall not send for you under any circumstances."

"Why, what do you mean, brother?" she asked, in great surprise.

"I am engaged in breaking up a gang of thieves over in New York, and they have noticed that I spoke to you. They may discover that I am your brother, and seek to get you in their power. Don't trust anybody but me, and not even me unless you see my face and recognize it."

"Oh, yes, I understand now. Well, I will do just as you say, brother."

"That's right. Now I will go," and she arose and followed him to the door, where he kissed her tenderly as he parted with her.

As he reached the street he recognized the form of Wally Guthman across the street. He could not see his face, but he knew certain peculiarities about his form, and his peculiar stride in walking.

To assure himself of the truth of his suspicions, he turned and walked in his direction. Of course, Wally did not desire a meeting with him. He dreaded the young juggler's mysterious power too much to allow a meeting under such circumstances, so he walked briskly away toward the ferry.

"I'll give him a good scare," muttered the young juggler.

"and let him know it isn't safe to be watching me wherever I go."

He kept up pretty close behind him, never taking his eyes off of him.

They entered the ferry-house and went upon the ferryboat.

Jack kept following, and Wally, now thoroughly alarmed, tried to keep out of his reach by going first through the ladies' cabin and then the other, not daring to stop for fear Jack would paralyze him by a touch of his fingers.

At last, on the forward bow he drew a revolver, and wheeling around, faced the young juggler, hissing:

"Another step and you are a dead man!" leveling the weapon at Jack's head.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Jack, stepping back. "You carry concealed weapons, do you? There's a cop out there," pointing toward the ferry-house the boat was entering. "I'll see what he says about it."

Wally turned pale. He didn't want to have anything to do with the police, so he put up the weapon, and ran through the men's cabin, and the passengers crowded around Jack to ascertain the cause of the man's strange actions.

"Oh, he's afraid I'll throw him overboard!" said Jack, laughing heartily.

"But why did he draw his pistol on you?" a tall man asked.

"He was afraid of me, I guess."

"Well, he has no right to be drawing pistols on anybody," said the man, "and I'm going to turn him over to the police."

But when the boat entered the slip Wally could not be found. He had managed in some way to escape from it without being seen.

The tall man looked for him in vain, and the young juggler was puzzled to know how he managed to get away unperceived.

Being satisfied that Wally had given him the slip, Jack went down one of the river streets, giving street performances to crowds of sailors, women and children, reaping a harvest of small coins for his performances.

He did not see anything more of Wally that day, and therefore concluded to wind up by paying a visit to the police captain whom he had taken into his confidence.

The captain received him kindly, and invited him into his private office.

"Have you seen the bank officers, captain?" he asked.

"Yes," and the captain motioned to him to speak low, "and they will do a good thing by you if you succeed in catching the burglars."

"There can be no if about it, captain," said Jack, firmly. "I could stop twenty men easily by touching them with my hands."

"Oh, I believe in you to the bottom," said the captain, laughing. "To-morrow night is the time agreed upon, is it?"

"Yes. They are to be dressed up as cops, and I am to paralyze the real cop on post. Then we'll begin work on the bank."

"Yes, I see. There'll be music when the gang gets collared."

"I should say so. It's astonishing how many friends that fellow Guthman has."

"They are all birds of a feather."

"To be sure, but there's a lot of them. They'll make it hot for me after the arrests are made."

"Well, don't you be afraid of them, or they'll get away from you."

"Oh, I'm not of that tribe to be scared by a gang of thieves. I'll just paralyze every one who interferes with me after this."

"That's the best way."

Jack spent half an hour very pleasantly with the captain,

during which time he had told the story of his life and the finding of his sister that day.

From that day the captain was his friend, and he went away fully convinced that he would henceforth have no trouble with the police of the great city.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PERFECTING HIS PLANS.

On reaching his hotel again the young juggler went to his room, and quickly put on the disguise of the little old doctor, and repaired to the room assigned him as such.

He had not long been there when Wally Guthman rapped at his door.

"Come in," he said.

Wally entered.

"Glad to find you in, doctor," said Wally, dropping into a chair. "I have had a deuce of a time with that young imp of a juggler again. I came near shooting him on a Williamsburg ferryboat, and actually drew my revolver once to do so."

"Why, what was the matter?"

"Oh, I saw him going over to Williamsburg with a girl—the same young girl I saw you give a flower to one day, doctor—and followed to see what was up. They entered the house where the girl lived, and I stood across the street, muffled up to my eyes, watching. He must have remained in that house some two or three hours. When he came out he recognized me and started toward me. Well, I didn't want to meet him, so I started for the ferry. He followed. He came on the boat and followed me around and around. I knew if he touched me, it would be all up with me, so I drew my revolver and told him to keep off, and he did—he just left me alone, you bet!"

The little old doctor laughed heartily over the affair.

"You did just the right thing," he said. "That probably saved you."

"Oh, I wasn't going to let him make no stone statue of me," said Wally, "not as long as I can shoot. But I say, doc, there's to be a meeting to-night, you know, and we must be there. Don't go away without Tim and me to-night. We may run across that young imp and then you can try your powers on him."

"Yes, I will wait for you here. Maybe we may run across him somewhere to-night. I would like very much to meet him."

"Well, we'll look around for him till time to meet the gang," said Wally, rising and going to his own room.

True to his promise, the little old doctor remained in his room till Wally and Tim came for him to go with them.

He was soon ready, and the three sallied out together. They visited many places of resort where Wally had seen the young juggler perform. Of course, they didn't see anything of him that evening.

The little old doctor played quite a number of practical jokes on unsuspecting people in several saloons, which they visited in hopes of finding the young juggler. The greatest excitement, as well as amusement, was the result of some of them.

Failing to find the young juggler, Wally Guthman at last proposed to go to the meeting of the gang of burglars, and they set out at once for the place.

They found every member present, for the haul to be made on the following night was expected to enrich every one of them. They intended to go traveling in Europe on the proceeds until the excitement should subside.

"Everything depends on the doctor, fellows," said Wally Guthman, "for if he fails to paralyze pursuit you will get into trouble."

"Don't you have any fears about my part of the work," said the little old doctor. "If you will all follow instructions there will be no such thing as fail."

"But who will give us instructions?" demanded Wally, the leader of the gang.

"Well, as you say the success of the thing depends on me, I think it would be right for me to suggest something that will help secure success."

"Yes—yes, that's so," chorused nearly all the others.

Wally was silent. He suspected the doctor of trying to supplant him in the leadership of the gang.

"Well," continued the doctor, "your leader here," pointing to Wally, "an action that reassured that precious villain, 'must take his stand at the vault door, and hand out the bags to every one of you, and then we are all to go away together, thus doing the job, at once, and with systematic celerity.'"

"That's the idea," said Wally, with a smile of delight. "Let every man have his pile, and all go away together. Then none of us can be overpowered and taken. That's a capital idea, doctor. We'll have some wine on that."

"Yes, wine is a good thing after business hours," replied the doctor, "but not now. We must have an understanding now that will render a mistake impossible. One man misunderstanding his part may spoil the whole affair. We want to agree upon the hour we are to meet at the bank."

"Yes, that's so," came from several.

"I suggest the hour of three o'clock in the morning," added the doctor, "as the best for our purpose."

"Good!" exclaimed Wally. "I tell you what, pards, I believe the doctor is an old hand at this thing."

The gang chuckled.

"This is my first work of this kind," said the doctor, shaking his head. "But I have had work similar to this in India. I am simply making assurance doubly sure."

"Ah, that's all right, doc," laughed Wally. "Go on with your first work."

The burglars laughed again, but the doctor did not appear to notice it.

"When you have got the plunder you want to know where to go in a body, and where to scatter to. These things ought to be understood."

"Yes, that's a fact," and then a long conference took place, during which it was agreed that they were to return to the place of meeting—the place they were now in—divide the spoils equally, and then every man make his escape out of the city early the next morning."

"Then it's all understood, eh?" the doctor asked.

"Yes."

"Now bring on your wine," said Wally, when the conference ended.

"Yes," remarked the doctor, "and I would advise that no man drink more than one glass until after this haul is made. We don't want any man there with too much wine or whisky in him."

"Cut off the supply of whisky, and this gang couldn't stand up to be shot at," replied Wally. "You let us alone on the drink question, and we'll turn up all right. A temperance set would lay us all out in no time; eh, pards?"

"Yes, of course it would," they responded, in a chuckle all around.

"Well, then, I'll leave that to yourselves," replied the doctor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BIG HAUL.

Every member of Guthman's gang slept late the next morning, in order to be wide awake on the night of the great bank burglary.

The little old doctor lay abed as long as any of them. He knew that his connection with them would cease after the grand denouement, and, therefore, nerved himself for the ordeal.

He saw Wally and Tim as he left his room, and talked a few minutes with them. They went out to breakfast, and he slipped into the young juggler's room, whence he soon emerged as Archie Jack Prescott, the young juggler.

Seeing the coast clear, he left the hotel and went to a Grand street restaurant for his breakfast. After the meal he repaired to the police station, and had another interview with the captain, to whom he gave the programme for the burglarious attempt on the — bank on the following night.

The captain then explained to him his arrangement to second him in his work, which was to have a squad of policemen concealed in a house across the street to await his signal, which was to be the blowing of a police whistle.

"That's all arranged, then," he said, arising to leave.

"Yes, everything is understood," said the captain.

"Well, I'll go over and see my sister, and will not see you again till to-morrow morning," and he shook hands with the captain.

"You haven't got any snakes with you to-day, have you?" the captain asked, as he timidly extended his hand.

"Oh, yes—all the time," replied Jack, laughing. "Do you want one?"

"Lord bless you, no!" exclaimed the officer, releasing his hand and starting back in alarm. "What do you carry them with you for? If one should get loose there'd be the very dence to pay."

"Well, I'm careful enough not to let any of them get away," replied Jack, smiling, "so you need not be disturbed about them, captain."

"One cannot help being disturbed when he knows a man has cobras concealed about his person," remarked the captain. "People don't like to see such things, you know."

"Well, maybe I won't need them any more after to-day. You know they saved me from being locked up once."

The captain laughed heartily.

"Indeed they did. We were glad to get rid of you."

Jack then left the police station, and wended his way down to the Grand street ferry, which he entered and crossed to the other side.

A close watch on his part failed to show that any of Guthman's gang were dogging his footsteps.

He was satisfied he was not followed, and went on up to the house where his sister was watching for him.

She met him at the door with a sisterly kiss, and led him into the sitting-room to where her kind benefactress was busy knitting.

He spent the greater part of the day with them, leaving there a little before sunset, telling them he would return on the morrow.

Once more on the New York side, Jack addressed himself to business. He went to his hotel, and assumed the old doctor character again, and then sought out Wally Guthman. The latter he found making preparations for flight the next morning.

"Of course, you must go with me, doc," he said

"I don't know about that," remarked the doctor. "Flight will draw attention to you, and cause you to be suspected. If you remain you will not be suspected."

"There you are wrong, doc," said Wally. "Once suspected, you never escape suspicion as long as burglaries are committed. The world never thoroughly believes in a man or woman who has once fallen under its displeasure."

"Not when they reform?"

"Reform? That's a bigger humbug than Barnum's woolly horse. Nobody but fools believe in it. When a man reforms it's for the purpose of making more money on that lay than he could on the old one. The knowing ones understand it, and, my word for it, there's lots of knowing ones in this world."

The doctor laughed softly to himself and said no more.

The evening wore away and midnight came. The gang began to prepare for the raid on the bank. Each man dressed as a policeman made his way to the bank, which they reached promptly to the minute.

There was a policeman standing on the corner of the bank building. The doctor put him under his mesmeric power at once.

"Now go in and see the janitor—quick!" he whispered to Wally.

They made the entrance by skeleton keys, and surprised the janitor in bed.

"Give me those keys," he demanded, presenting a revolver at the janitor's head.

"My God, officer!" demanded the janitor, "what's the trouble?"

He had taken them for genuine policemen.

"We want the vault key. There has been a burglary committed."

The janitor arose, went down with them, and opened the vault.

The little old doctor at once placed him under his mysterious power.

"Now, go ahead—quick!" he whispered to Wally.

Guthman took bag after bag of gold and banknotes, and handed them to his pals, until every man of them had each as much as he could conveniently carry.

Then the doctor quietly slipped behind every man, and put him under the spell of mesmerism. Wally was the last. He was coming out of the vault with two heavy bags of gold, when Jack met him—not as the old doctor, but as Jack the Juggler.

Wally recognized him, and realizing his danger, cried out:

"Doctor!" and the next moment he, too, was helpless in the chains of the juggler.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Jack, "you are caught, Wally Guthman. You are in the toils of Jack the Juggler, who is the little old doctor as you knew him. The police are coming," and going outside the bank, he blew the signal.

The next minute a squad of policemen came running up under charge of the captain with whom Jack had made the arrangement.

"Have you got 'em?" the captain asked, greatly excited.

"Yes, every man of them," replied Jack, releasing the officer by a few passes of his hands.

The officer yelled, and started to run, so great was his terror. But the captain stopped him and told him that it was all right.

They then entered the bank and found the burglars standing like statues, with bags of gold in their hands, their eyes staring as though their souls were filled with horror. Wally Guthman was standing in the door of the vault, with a bag of gold

in each hand, looking the picture of terror. His eyes were almost protruding from their sockets, and his hair stood on end like so many wires.

"Jack, my boy!" cried the captain, grasping his hand, "your fortune is made. This is the biggest haul and the cleanest sweep ever made in this country. Can you release the janitor?"

"Yes."

"Do so, then."

Jack made a few rapid passes with his right hand, and the released janitor sprang away with a yell of terror.

"Don't make a fool of yourself; Mark Duncan," said the captain. "You're all right now. These burglars are helpless. They can do no harm."

"Ain't they policemen?" he gasped.

"No—they are burglars. You know me, do you not?"

"Yes—and two of your men. But I can't understand this at all."

"Well, send the alarm to the president of the bank."

The janitor went out to send the alarm, and the captain proceeded to place a guard around the building.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BURGLARS' LAST HAUL.

In an hour the cashier and president of the bank arrived, and were making toward the door when stopped by the terrible power of the young juggler.

"What in the name of Heaven does all this mean?" demanded the president of the bank, when he glared at the gang of burglars, in such attitudes as they had been stopped in.

"It means that the bank has been robbed, sir," said the captain.

"Robbed?"

"Yes—robbed."

"But there's the money in those fellow's hands."

"Yes—they are the burglars."

"What's the matter with them?"

"They have been mesmerized and held where they are by this young man here," replied the captain, laying his hand on Jack Prescott's shoulder.

The man of capital looked first at Jack, then at the captain, and then at the burglars.

"What are you driving at, sir?" he finally asked, looking hard at the captain.

"I am telling you the story of this burglary," replied the captain. "This young fellow, who is a juggler by profession, overheard these men planning to rob the bank. He disguised himself as a little old doctor, who could mesmerize the strongest man and stiffen him like steel in a single moment, joined them, and then came and told me the whole plot. Together we formed this plan to capture the whole gang, and have succeeded, as you see."

The banker laid his hand on the arm of the nearest burglar, and found it like stone, solid and immovable.

He was astounded.

He went to every man of them, and felt of them. They were like so many stone statues. The cashier did the same thing till he was satisfied.

"Now paralyze the old duffer himself," whispered the captain to Jack.

Jack waited till the banker came near him. He said:

"Let me show you how 'tis done, sir," and making a few passes before him, he locked up every physical faculty of the man, as though he had been suddenly turned to stone.

The banker stared at vacancy and looked the picture of

Jack released him after the course of a minute or two. "You believe the story now, don't you?" the captain asked. "My God!" gasped the banker, dropping into a chair and wiping the cold perspiration from his brow. "What a terrible power for a human being to possess!"

"You understand it now, don't you?" the captain asked.

"Yes, all but the source of the power," he replied.

"We have nothing to do with that. I want you and the cashier to identify the different bags of money found in these fellows' hands."

"Yes—yes, I understand," returned the banker, glaring at the young juggler, as though he were one from the dead. "The cashier will do that."

The cashier then went over to his book containing the count of the evening before, and found the money in the bags to correspond with it. He then placed a mark on each bag to identify it in connection with the one holding it in his hand.

They could not remove the bags until the mesmeric power was removed.

"We'll release Guthman first," said Jack, "if you will search and disarm him first, captain. He'll be so mad that he'll pull and shoot just to get even with me."

The captain took a formidable knife and revolver from him, and then told Jack to go ahead.

Jack stepped up before him, and made a few passes before Wally's face, muttering some strange words in Hindoostanee.

The next moment the burglar sprang forward to clutch him by the throat, hissing through his clenched teeth:

"I'll kill you if I swing for it."

Two policemen grasped him and held him tightly.

Jack stood with arms folded across his breast, a smile on his face.

"Let him alone," he said. "Let him touch me. He can do me no harm, and to touch me would knock him into the middle of next year."

The officers released him, and the two enemies stood facing each other.

They glared at each other, but the daring burglar dared not touch the young juggler. He knew the terrible power he possessed, and dared not come in contact with it.

"You are a traitor!" hissed the burglar. "You have betrayed your pals."

"You lie! Jack the Juggler never was a pal of burglars. You tried to kill me—to get another juggler to take my life—and I, in self-defense, have got you in a situation where you can do the state some service. I and the old doctor were the ones, and the captain here knew what was going on all the time. You have over-reached yourself, Guthman. It would have been better for you to have left the young juggler alone."

"You have gotten away with me this time, you young imp of Satan!" said Guthman, "but I have friends outside who will lay you out for this. You planned this whole thing, and got us to go in with you, and—"

"That's another lie!" cried Jack, suddenly advancing upon him with his forefinger pointed toward him, "and you know it—tell the truth—tell the truth—tell the truth, I say!"

Wally Guthman sprang back with a cry of horror on his lips. He ducked a touch of that finger, and tried to escape from contact with it. "Yes—yes!" he screamed. "Oh, for God's sake, don't let him touch me!"

With a scream of despair Guthman turned and ran toward the front door of the bank. It was locked, but he made a sliding motion the heavy French plate glass of the window, and went through with a tremendous crash.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE DEATH OF GUTHMAN.

"Catch him!" yelled the captain of police. "He will escape!" and the entire squad made a rush for the daring burglar.

The guard on the outside turned to head him off. But as he fell amid a shower of heavy glass, he naturally waited for him to rise to his feet.

Instead of that Guthman merely uttered a groan, rolled over on his back, and straightened himself out at full length.

The gas-light from the corner lamp enabled the officers to see a stream of blood running across the pavement.

The captain knelt and examined a gaping wound on the side of his neck.

"He's dead," he remarked, as he arose to his feet. "The glass has cut his jugular—in fact, nearly cut his head off."

The ambulance was telegraphed for, and the captain returned to the burglars inside, who remained standing just where the terrific power of the young juggler had placed them.

One by one Jack released them. They dropped the plunder to the floor and stared helplessly around them. The handcuffs were deftly slipped over their wrists, and in less than twenty minutes the entire batch were ready to be marched off to the station-house.

Their curses against the young juggler were both loud and deep, but Jack only laughed at them.

The whole party was then marched off to the station-house, and Jack was about to go with them when the banker called him back and said:

"Young man, here is my card. I want you to call on me when the bank opens."

Jack put the card in his pocket without looking at it, and said:

"All right. I'll be around to-morrow some time," and Jack went away with the captain.

"Now, captain," he said, "you know where I can be found. I want to go to the hotel and get some sleep."

"Go ahead, my boy. Sleep all day. If you are wanted I'll send for you."

Jack went to his room at the hotel and retired. He slept till noon and then awoke greatly refreshed.

When he went out on the street he heard the newsboys crying the extras. The papers teemed with accounts of the great burglary and the wonderful exploit of the young juggler, who had saved a million of dollars to the great bank. His name was on everybody's lips, and everybody was anxious to see him.

He went back to his room and put off the suit he had been wearing as the young juggler, and put on a plain suit. In these he was not recognized, and his first business, after eating a hearty breakfast, was to pay a visit to his sister over the East River.

He found her reading the story of his exploit. She flew to meet him, and clasping her arms around his neck, kissed him repeatedly.

He remained an hour with her and the old lady, and then went away, promising to return on the morrow and stay longer.

On his return to New York he reported to the captain at the police station, who told him he would have to be present at the inquest over the dead body of Wally Guthman.

"I will wait, then, and go with you," he said.

"Yes—that would be the best way," said the captain, tendering him a chair. "I hope you have not got any of those rocky shakes with you to-day."

Jack chuckled softly.

"You shouldn't be so much afraid of shakes, captain."

"If there is anything in the world I hate," protested the captain, "it is a snake. I can't see one without wanting to kill it."

"Some people are nervous that way," remarked Jack, as nearly a dozen officers crowded around to look at him. "A saloon-keeper accused me the other day of having stopped his growth by the fright I gave him. He actually ran out in the street, and yelled for the police."

The officers laughed heartily, and asked to be shown some of his powers.

"Very well; all join hands in a ring around the stove there."

They joined hands in a circle around the stove, and looked toward him for the next move.

He quietly got up, and walked around the circle, touching the hands that were clasped together, muttering something nobody could understand.

When the last had been touched every hand was grasped as in a link of steel—but only the hands.

"Now, see if you can get that pair of handcuffs off," he said, resuming his seat.

They tried, but tried in vain, to release themselves. They were held as though steel handcuffs held them.

"I give it up," said the captain, after trying for half an hour to release himself from the grasp of his neighbor.

"So say all of us," sung another.

"Guess I could tie up the whole force," said Jack, laughing. "How would you like to have a batch of snakes to crawl over you now?"

"Jack," cried the captain, "if you put a snake on me I'll kill you!"

"Why, you can't kill a flea now, captain," said Jack, "unless you get him in your mouth, or he gets under your feet."

"I say, Jack," cried the captain, "turn us loose and try something else. This is enough of one kind."

CHAPTER XXVII.

CONCLUSION.

Jack looked at the captain, and saw that he was uneasy, and concluded that it was best not to trifle with him any longer.

"Oh, well, I'll turn you loose, but you won't have any fun," he remarked, as he went forward and touched one of them with both his hands.

A yell burst from everyone in the circle, and they staggered back as though a mule had kicked them.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, in innocent surprise.

"Matter!" exclaimed the captain, feeling himself all over. "Why, I've been struck by lightning, and am all broken up. If you play me any more such tricks I'll empty my revolver into your carcass, confound you!"

"Don't ask for them, then. You wouldn't have snakes, and are not satisfied with a little greased lightning. Perhaps you want me to fill your pockets with sugar plums."

"I wish you would," said one of the officers.

"Oh, no doubt of that. But you can't take what I choose to give you, so you'll get none," and with that he sat down and waited for the time for him to go to the inquest to roll around. It came at last, and he went with the captain, gave his testimony in a simple, straightforward story that impressed everyone who heard it as being true.

Of course, the coroner drew from him the story of his life, and that got into the papers and created an immense sensation. Thousands and thousands of papers containing his story were printed and sold, and the next morning he found himself the most famous man in New York. Everybody was reading and talking about him.

At noon he called on the president of the bank, as he had promised.

"Young man," said the banker, "I have read the story of

your life. It is a strangely interesting one. You have saved this bank many thousands of dollars. We mean to show our appreciation of your conduct. Here is a check for one thousand dollars for yourself, and one for five hundred dollars for your sister. If you do right and yet get into trouble, remember that this bank is your friend."

Tears came into Jack's eyes.

"I—I—didn't expect this, sir," he faltered, as he took the two checks.

"I know you did not—and I like you all the better for it. Bring your sister up to my house. My daughter wishes to know her."

"Yes, sir," said Jack, utterly bewildered by the generosity of the banker.

He left the bank after getting the checks cashed, and went over the river to his sister Eva.

She wept for joy when he gave her the money, and declared that they were rich again.

But Jack now determined to go upon the stage, and make all the money his great powers entitled him to. He purchased clothing and paraphernalia for a first-class show, and advertised. Eva was trained to assist him, and the result was crowded houses. No such wonderful jugglery had ever been witnessed in this country before, and night after night he kept it up.

It cleared him over a thousand dollars a week. He bought a good home for Eva and the good lady who had been a mother to her, and they were as happy as human beings could be under such circumstances.

In the meantime the trial of the bank burglars came on, and Jack attended as a witness. The villains were defended by able counsel, who did all in their power to save them. They cross-examined him for two whole days, and even sneered at his power to mesmerize anyone.

Jack stepped down from the witness stand, and turned the lawyer to a statue in a twinkling, holding him there till the judge and jury had felt of him to their satisfaction.

The lawyer was released, and the moment his tongue was loosed he yelled:

"That's an assault and battery! I'll have you arrested, you young——"

"Oh, that wasn't a battery," replied Jack, interrupting him. "Here is a battery," and with that he touched him again, and the shock knocked him clear over a couple of chairs and a table.

He howled, the judge and jury laughed, and Jack went back to the stand, where he waited for the lawyer to go on with the examination.

The lawyer was satisfied. He didn't care to do anything now, and the trial went on. All the burglars were convicted and sentenced to long terms in the penitentiary.

Jack then resumed his performances, made a fortune, and saw Eva made a happy wife two years later. He is now traveling in Europe astonishing the crowned heads by the wonderful feats of Jack the Juggler.

THE END.

Read "LITTLE PAUL JONES; OR, THE SCOURGE OF THE BRITISH COAST," by Capt. Thos. H. Wilson, which will be the next number (402) of "Pluck and Luck."

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

These Books Tell You Everything!

A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N.Y.

MESMERISM.

No. 81. HOW TO MESMERIZE.—Containing the most approved methods of mesmerism; also how to cure all kinds of diseases by animal magnetism, or, magnetic healing. By Prof. Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S., author of "How to Hypnotize," etc.

PALMISTRY.

No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

HYPNOTISM.

No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ATHLETIC.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. Illustrated.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurors and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book, as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJUROR.—Containing tricks with Dominoes, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 58. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.

THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parakeet, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 84. **HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.**—Containing full information regarding choice of subjects, the use of words and the manner of preparing and submitting manuscript. Also containing valuable information as to the neatness, legibility and general composition of manuscript, essential to a successful author. By Prince Hiland.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.

Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

PLUCK AND LUCK.

CONTAINS ALL SORTS OF STORIES. EVERY STORY COMPLETE.

32 PAGES.

BEAUTIFULLY COLORED COVERS.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

LATEST ISSUES:

- 330 Trapeze Tom, the Boy Acrobat; or, Daring Work in the Air. By Berton Bertrew.
- 331 Yellowstone Kelly, A Story of Adventures in the Great West. By An Old Scout.
- 332 The Poisoned Wine; or, Foiling a Desperate Game. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 333 Shiloh Sam; or, General Grant's Best Boy Scout. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 334 Alone in New York; or, Ragged Rob, the Newsboy. By N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor).
- 335 The Floating Treasure; or, The Secret of the Pirate's Rock. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 336 Tom Throttle, The Boy Engineer of the Midnight Express; or, Railroading in Central America. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 337 The Diamond Eye; or, The Secret of the Idol. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 338 Ned North, The Young Arctic Explorer; or, The Phantom Valley of the North Pole. By Berton Bertrew.
- 339 From Cabin to Cabinet; or, The Pluck of a Plowboy. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 340 Kit Carson's Boys; or, With the Great Scout on His Last Trail. By An Old Scout.
- 341 Driven to Sea; or, The Sailor's Secret. A Story of the Algerine Corsairs. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 342 Twenty Boy Spies; or, The Secret Band of Dismal Hollow. A Story of the American Revolution. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 343 Dashing Hal, the Hero of the Ring. A Story of the Circus. By Berton Bertrew.
- 344 The Haunted Hut; or, The Ghosts of Rocky Gulch. By Allyn Draper.
- 345 Dick Dashaway's School Days; or, The Boy Rebels of Kingan College. By Howard Austin.
- 346 Jack Lever, the Young Engineer of "Old Forty"; or, On Time with the Night Express. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 347 Out With Peary; or, In Search of the North Pole. By Berton Bertrew.
- 348 The Boy Prairie Courier; or, General Custer's Youngest Aide. A True Story of the Battle at Little Big Horn. By An Old Scout.
- 349 Led Astray in New York; or, A Country Boy's Career in a Great City. A True Temperance Story. By Jno. B. Dowd.
- 350 Sharpshooter Sam, the Yankee Boy Spy; or, Winning His Shoulder Straps. Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 351 Tom Train, the Boy Engineer of the Fast Express; or, Always at His Post. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 352 We Three; or, The White Boy Slaves of the Soudan. By Allan Arnold.
- 353 Jack Izzard, the Yankee Middy. A Story of the War With Tripoli. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 354 The Senator's Boy; or, The Early Struggles of a Great Statesman. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 355 Kit Carson on a Mysterious Trail; or, Branded a Renegade. By An Old Scout.
- 356 The Lively Eight Social Club; or, From Cider to Rum. A True Temperance Story. By Jno. B. Dowd.
- 357 The Dandy of the School; or, The Boys of Bay Cliff. By Howard Austin.
- 358 Out in the Streets; A Story of High and Low Life in New York. By N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor).
- 359 Captain Ray; The Young Leader of the Forlorn Hope. A True Story of the Mexican War. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 360 "3"; or, The Ten Treasure Houses of the Tartar King. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 361 Railroad Rob; or, The Train Wreckers of the West. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 362 A Millionaire at 18; or, The American Boy Croesus. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 363 The Seven White Bears; or, The Band of Fate. A Story of Russia. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 364 Shamus O'Brien; or, The Bold Boy of Gillingall. By Allyn Draper.
- 365 The Skeleton Scout; or, The Dread Rider of the Plains. By An Old Scout.
- 366 "Merry Matt"; or, The Will-o'-the-Wisp of Wine. A True Temperance Story. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 367 The Boy With the Steel Mask; or, A Face That Was Never Seen. By Allan Arnold.
- 368 Clear-the-Track Tom; or, The Youngest Engineer on the Road. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 369 Gallant Jack Barry, The Young Father of the American Navy. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 370 Laughing Luke, The Yankee Spy of the Revolution. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 371 From Gutter to Governor; or, The Luck of a Waif. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 372 Davy Crockett, Jr.; or, "Be Sure You're Right, Then Go Ahead." By An Old Scout.
- 373 The Young Diamond Hunters; or, Two Runaway Boys in Treasure Land. A Story of the South African Mines. By Allan Arnold.
- 374 The Phantom Brig; or, The Chase of the Flying Clipper. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 375 Special Bob; or, The Pride of the Road. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 376 Three Chums; or, The Bosses of the School. By Allyn Draper.
- 377 The Drummer Boy's Secret; or, Oath-Bound on the Battlefield. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 378 Jack Bradford; or, The Struggles of a Working Boy. By Howard Austin.
- 379 The Unknown Renegade; or, The Three Great Scouts. By An Old Scout.
- 380 80 Degrees North; or, Two Years On The Arctic Circle. By Berton Bertrew.
- 381 Running Rob; or, Mad Anthony's Rollicking Scout. A Tale of The American Revolution. By Gen. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 382 Down the Shaft; or, The Hidden Fortune of a Boy Miner. By Howard Austin.
- 383 The Boy Telegraph Inspectors; or, Across the Continent on a Hand Car. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 384 Nazoma; or, Lost Among the Head-Hunters. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 385 From Newsboy to President; or, Fighting for Fame and Fortune. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 386 Jack Harold, The Cabin Boy; or, Ten Years on an Unlucky Ship. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 387 Gold Gulch; or, Pandey Ellis's Last Trail. By An Old Scout.
- 388 Dick Darlton, the Poor-House Boy; or, The Struggles of a Friendless Waif. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 389 The Haunted Light-House; or, The Black Band of the Coast. By Howard Austin.
- 390 The Boss Boy Bootblack of New York; or, Climbing the Ladder of Fortune. By N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor).
- 391 The Silver Tiger; or, The Adventures of a Young American in India. By Allan Arnold.
- 392 General Sherman's Boy Spy; or, The March to the Sea. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 393 Sam Strap, The Young Engineer; or, The Pluckiest Boy on the Road. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 394 Little Robert Emmet; or, The White Boys of Tipperary. By Allyn Draper.
- 395 Kit Carson's Kit; or, The Young Army Scout. By An Old Scout.
- 396 Beyond The Aurora; or, The Search for the Magnet Mountain. By Berton Bertrew.
- 397 Seven Diamond Skulls; or, The Secret City of Siam. By Allan Arnold.
- 398 Over The Line; or, The Rich and Poor Boys of Riverdale Schools. By Allyn Draper.
- 399 The Twenty Silent Wolves; or, The Wild Riders of the Mountains. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 400 A New-York Working Boy; or, A Fight for a Fortune. By Howard Austin.
- 401 Jack The Juggler; or, A Boy's Search for His Sister. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 402 Little Paul Jones; or, The Scourge of the British Coast. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

24 Union Square, N. Y.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....

.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....

.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....

.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....

.... " " THE YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....